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CHRISTMAS BOOKS

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 949
THE BOTTOM END OF THE AXIS 952
"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN." By Louis Fischer 953
A LONDON DIARY 954
THIS ENGLAND 956
THE NON-VOTER 956
MORE FUN. By Y. Y. 957
MUZZLING DEMOCRACY. By Aylmer Vallance . 958
CORRESPONDENCE 959
From Victor Bodker; R. H.; Israel Cohen; L. J. Cadbury; Owen Sheehy Skeffington; Hugh Ross Williamson; Gerald Bailey; C. L. Hinton; G. H. Bowker; T. Sagar; Frank Thompson.
LAMENT THAT IS NOT FOR FLODDEN. By Anne Fremantle 962
TWELFTH NIGHT OR WHAT YOU WILL. By Desmond MacCarthy 962
PICTURES TO BUY. By Raymond Mortimer . . 964
THE MOVIES. By Peter Galway 965
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . . Page 966
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . 968
REVIEWS:
The Lawrence Letters. By Richard Hughes . 1007
New Novels. By John Mair 1008
Victory in Defeat. By R. H. S. Crossman . 1012
A Card. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor . . 1014
Canonisation of North. By Leonard Woolf . 1014
Germans in the Cameroons. By Margery Perham 1016
The Threshold of the Reformation. By A. L. Rowse 1018
American Photographs. By G. W. Stonier . 1018
Christmas Cards 1020
SHORTER NOTICES 1020
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 1020
CROSSWORD 1024
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 1026
CHRISTMAS BOOKS SUPPLEMENT (*see Separate Index*).

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MR. NOEL BAKER'S motion that no redistribution of colonial or mandated territory should be made without the consent of the inhabitants and that the mandate system should be extended as part of a general peace settlement, elicited an important statement from Mr. MacDonald. He declared that no cession of territory was under discussion; "it is not now an issue of practical politics." The question remains what the Government would do if, as a result of German demands, it becomes, whether we like it or not, an issue of practical politics. The Government shows no disposition to forestall such demands by the kind of initiative suggested by Mr. Baker. Mr. Chamberlain is indeed in an awkward position. He stands or falls by appeasement, but gets no help from Germany, which, as Lord De La Warr, a Member of the Cabinet, admits seems insatiable rather than appeasable. Whether this would be so if the British Government associated itself with other democratic Powers and boldly took the initiative, no one knows. It is the one still hopeful path.

The Voluntary Register

Sir John Anderson's defence scheme is in line with the policy of wanting to make common cause with Fascism, but not being sure that it can be done. It proceeds from the assumption that something must be done, but that appeasement must not be prejudiced (or its author's pretensions exploded) by doing too much. Unless war occurs, there is to be no compulsory registration of citizens, but merely the establishment of machinery in readiness to compile a register. Instead, a register of volunteers for civilian defence is to be opened. A list of "reserved" occupations essential for war purposes is to be published, together with a handbook setting forth the various services for which volunteers drawn from non-essential services are needed. A recruiting campaign will be launched early next year; local National Service Committees will be available to advise volunteers as to the most appropriate service for which to enrol; and training facilities will be augmented. Given war, the execution of plans for evacuating cities and distributing food—quite apart from the manning of A.R.P. defences and munition industries—would make the compulsory registration of every adult imperative. Sir John Anderson adopts the posture of Noah awaiting the rain before enumerating the population of the Ark. Under the proposed voluntary peace-time scheme, there will be no assurance that those who now enrol for services of their choice and receive training will implement their undertakings in an emergency. Volunteers will not enter into any contractual obligation enforceable by the State, nor does Sir John promise that volunteers now enrolled will not be conscripted for other duties in war-time.

Patriotism and Policy

In the debate, criticism of Sir John Anderson's scheme came from both sides of the House. The position of the Tory "compulsionists," led on this occasion by Mr. Amery, is definite and logical. Not merely do they want to have the nation enumerated forthwith, and a post of duty in the event of emergency assigned as far as possible in advance to every citizen; they insist on the necessity of compulsory training—at least for all who would be required in war to perform functions other than those of their normal occupation. The attitude of Labour was necessarily confused by the dislike of compulsion in principle and especially by a Government whose policy it profoundly distrusts. Mr. Greenwood was quick to point to the loop-holes and deficiencies in the voluntary registration scheme; and he declared roundly that, in the event of war against the dictatorships, there would be no room for individualism. He went on, however, to denounce conscription and maintain that the British people would rally, "without the scourge of compulsion," to defend the "democratic cause." In those two words lies the root of Britain's present weakness and disunion. To call on untrained patriotism in the hour of battle is, as Mr. Amery said, sheer murder. Without serious risk of embracing Fascism in order to defend democracy, this country could organise and train for national defence on a comprehensive scale provided only that the Government's foreign policy commanded full popular support. So long as the Government continues to side with the Fascist cause against democracy in Spain and elsewhere the advocates of efficient preparation cannot expect democrats to train for a battle which is not theirs.

The Franco-German Pact

Herr von Ribbentrop's visit to Paris has passed off according to plan. It was an affair not of joyous demonstrations at the conclusion of a pact of unity between two secular enemies, but of elaborate police precautions, silent streets, and an official reception or two. The fact proclaims the importance of good relations between France and Germany. It puts it on record that there is no territorial dispute outstanding between them, and that they "solemnly recognise" the existing Franco-German frontier. It engages the two Governments, in case of international difficulties affecting their countries, to deal with them by mutual consultation. But (apart from the doubts that must inevitably be felt as to any professions of virtue on the part of Hitler's regime) there is one big and obvious fly in the ointment. There is a Franco-Italian as well as a Franco-German frontier; and while the German Foreign Minister is signing this pact the German press is warmly backing Mussolini's aggressive demands on France. Whether Herr von Ribbentrop can give the French any satisfactory assurances regarding Germany's policy *vis-á-vis* her Italian ally, remains to be seen. If he cannot, the pact is a mockery. If he can, something very remarkable will have happened to the Rome-Berlin axis.

The Nazi Persecution

The persecution of the Jews in Germany goes on apace. A series of decrees during the past week has banned certain streets in Berlin to Jews, forbidden them to drive motor cars or motor cycles, and carried the confiscation of their property several steps farther. A ghetto quarter in Berlin is being planned, and in Göttingen no Jew is to be allowed to ride in an omnibus. There is no sign as yet of arrangements for the rescue of the victims on any considerable scale, though contingents of children, numbering a few hundreds, are being taken out and given homes abroad, mainly in England and Holland. Meanwhile preparations seem to be in hand for a big campaign against the Catholics. There are already reports of wholesale arrests of leading "White Jews," as the Nazis call them, especially in Austria. It is hardly to be supposed that this *Kulturkampf* will be pressed to the same extreme as the anti-Semitic drive. But it may go far in the suppression of the Church and its institutions, and it will doubtless include schemes of official robbery which will help to fill the coffers of the State. It will also help to widen the hostility to the regime which is undoubtedly growing among the German people.

Germany and Rumania

The shooting of the Rumanian Iron Guard prisoners while attempting to escape last week has led to a violent outburst in the German press. Doubt, and more than doubt, is expressed of the official version of the affair. Some of the newspapers describe it as an officially "organised mass murder," and international Jewry is, as usual, found to be the villain of the piece. Others draw a parallel with the assassination of Señor Sotelo, which was the prelude to the civil war in Spain. The *Angriff* indulges in a full-blooded and scurrilous attack on King Carol and his friend, Madame Lupescu. How does all this square with Carol's recent visit to Germany and his talks with General Göring and Herr Hitler? Were those talks not so satisfactory—from the German point of view—as they were supposed to have been? There will presumably be protests from Bucarest; but that will not cause much embarrassment to the Nazis, if they are deliberately aiming, as many believe they are, at stirring up internal trouble in Rumania.

The Struggle for the Ukraine

There seems to be little doubt that the Nazi campaign for Ukrainian "autonomy" has begun in earnest. With a German consulate in Chust, the new capital, and German army officers organising resistance to Polish and Hungarian raids across the border, Carpatho-Ukraine (lately Ruthenia) has become the jumping off ground for the new advance. Meanwhile in Poland itself, the leader of the Ukrainian party has announced his intention of introducing a Bill demanding complete territorial autonomy for his 7,000,000 compatriots. The Poles, justly nervous that they will soon be suffering the pains which they themselves were lately inflicting upon Czecho-Slovakia, have contrived a sudden *rapprochement* with Soviet Russia. But their short-sighted greed has put them in an intolerable position. Something like half of Poland is inhabited by non-Polish minorities whose loyalty is not encouraged by the sort of "pacification" which the Government invariably employs. This week it is reported that once again the Ukrainian demands have evoked savage reprisals by the Polish army. However distasteful may be the idea of Nazi expansion eastwards, it must be conceded that their next prospective victim has done little to attract the sympathies of the democracies.

Britain and Japan

The House of Lords on Tuesday debated two matters. The first was damage by rabbits in Britain; the other was damage by very much more formidable creatures in China. It is hardly possible now to conceal or to minimise the mischief which the Japanese have done to British and, indeed, all foreign trade in the Far East. Lord Plymouth admitted the facts, and regretted that the continual protests of His Majesty's Government had softened no hearts in Tokio. He expressed the hope that the Japanese Government would agree that their loudly proclaimed policy of the "closed door" would not really be in Japan's interest. What a hope! It was more satisfactory to hear that we were seriously considering a number of proposals for assisting China in connection with export credits. But we are not much cheered (and neither, we fancy, is Lord Plymouth himself) by the statement that the British Government are ready to use their good offices in securing an early and equitable settlement of the conflict. The Japanese show no sign whatever of wanting a settlement that could be called equitable by anybody but themselves. And, in the light of recent history, what prospect is there of saving British interests—any more than Chinese interests, which are a trifle more important than ours—under the kind of peace that would give Japan the substance and China the shadow?

The French Repression

In France the rift between the Radicals and the working classes has been made complete by the repressive measures which have followed last week's one-day General Strike. Lock-outs by vindictive employers still continue; and Trade Union militants are being victimised right and left. Moreover, arrests are very numerous, and already a good many strike-leaders have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment. M. Daladier and his colleagues have evidently made up their minds to use the occasion for delivering a smashing blow at the Trade Union movement. For the moment, the failure of the strike—which was inevitable from the moment when M. Daladier wilfully treated as a threat of revolution what was meant only as a demonstration of protest—puts the Government and the employers in a strong position; and the big employers, who have been awaiting their chance ever since the opening victories of the Front Populaire, are doing their best to push the Government towards an extreme anti-Trade Union policy. In addition to calling up the railwaymen under the military service law, the Government is using naval ratings to break the seamen's strike; and in a committee of the Chamber the Radicals have voted solidly against a Socialist motion calling for an amnesty for all strikers. The Front Populaire is destroyed; but how long will M. Daladier be able to govern the country with his new majority depending on the parties of the Right? The French Trade Unions will not go down without a bitter struggle; and the repression will benefit nobody except the Fascist States and those who would sooner see France Fascist than democratic.

Agricultural Subsidies

While the engineering employers were rejecting *in toto* the Trade Unions' demands for improved conditions this week, the annual meeting of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture was putting in a claim that agricultural wages should be raised to a minimum of £2 a week, and that the State should pay £1 of this by way of direct subsidy. This payment, designed to replace the £35,000,000 already being spent on various agricultural subsidies, would be available for working farmers and smallholders on their own behalf, as well as on behalf of employed labourers. The argument behind the scheme is twofold. Higher rural wages are essential if the drift of men away from land work is to be checked; and the proposed type of subsidy would operate as a stimulus to agricultural production, whereas many of the existing forms of State aid are given under restrictive conditions which limit production and employment. If agriculture is to be subsidised, there is obviously everything to be said for getting as much produce as we can for our money. The piecemeal policy of coming to the aid of one branch of agriculture after another—sheep and barley are the claimants next in the queue—has resulted in a thorough muddle. British agricultural policy needs to be reconditioned as a whole, and some finality put to its claims on the taxpayers in the light of a comprehensive policy. Whether the proposed all-in subsidy to wages is the best way of unifying policy is another matter; it has at any rate the merit of simplicity in comparison with the existence tangle of grants and restrictions.

The International Brigade

The scene at Victoria Station on Wednesday night has no parallel since 1918. Many thousands were there to welcome the 300 members of the International Brigade from Spain. There were the wives and relatives of the men; there were political enthusiasts who knew that the cause of Spain was the cause of democracy, including the leaders of the Labour, Liberal and Communist Parties; and there were innumerable people who just wished to express their admiration for the bravery of Englishmen who have been consistently maligned in their absence. The mood was serious as well as joyful. Several hundred of the British battalion will never return from Spain; some are still in Franco's prisons. In everyone's mind there was the knowledge that the battle is still undecided and that the British Government is a partner to a blockade designed to starve the Spanish Republic into surrender. The protests of the British shipowners whose boats are bombed carrying food in the way of lawful trade are disregarded: the Government does not even seem seriously concerned when Franco goes to the completely piratical lengths of detaining neutral shipping, not on the way to Spain but on the way to Britain and Norway. One thing is certain. The members of the International Brigade are conscious that their struggle for Spain must now be transferred to the political front at home.

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THE BOTTOM END OF THE AXIS

A RECENT map circulated by the Nazis shows all the northern half of Europe, including Britain, France and Russia, under the influence of Germany, while the Mediterranean sea is represented as an Italian lake. Munich was a substantial step towards the German part of the programme, but it did not advance Italian ambitions. Now it is Mussolini's turn. While the German propaganda machine is turned on to scarify Britain, Italy begins a carefully planned campaign for the acquisition of French territory—a campaign backed up in the German press on the very day that Herr von Ribbentrop signs a pact of permanent peace with M. Bonnet!

The speech of Count Ciano with its references to interests and natural aspirations of the Italian people was diplomatically correct. The officially spontaneous shouts for Tunis, Corsica and Nice raised by the deputies were obviously pre-arranged to show where these aspirations lay. The scheme is transparent. It would be impossible even for the Daladier Government to surrender Corsica or Nice, and it is much more likely that they are mentioned for purposes of blackmail. By asking for something he cannot get and generously withdrawing the demand in the interests of peace, Mussolini may get things on which he has really set his heart. These certainly include Spain, and probably the Djibouti railway and a share in the control of the Suez Canal. The most doubtful counter in the game is Tunis, which has long been a bone of contention between Italy and France.

Franco-Italian rivalry in Tunis preceded the establishment of the French protectorate. In the 1870's England, France and Italy were all competing for commercial privileges. The Bey was hopelessly bankrupt, and tried to save himself by playing one country off against the other, with the assurance that no Power was willing to let its rival take control. This deadlock was resolved behind the scenes of the Congress of Berlin. In exchange for France's consent to the occupation of Cyprus, Lord Salisbury secretly agreed to the establishment of a French protectorate over Tunis. At the same time Russia and Austria, to distract her attention from the Balkans, encouraged Italy also to agree. Bismarck, with his usual ingenuity in keeping his opponents occupied, is believed to have favoured both sides at once. Italy, however, did not then wish to antagonise the French and refrained from intervention. She had no suspicion of the Anglo-French agreement, and remained convinced that England would oppose a change in the existing balance of interests. Early in 1881 the French took advantage of an incident on the Algerian border to despatch a punitive expedition into the Bey's dominions. On May 11th her Government reassured the Italian Ambassador that France had no intention of altering the *status quo*. The same day the Bey was forced to sign an agreement recognising a French protectorate.

Italy was naturally indignant, and for some years refused to accept the settlement as final. While realising her inability to reverse the situation, she was determined to prevent the complete absorption of the protectorate into the French colonial empire. The crux of the matter was the status of the Italian colony in Tunis. For the first fifteen years after the French occupation they retained most of the rights which they had held under the old Ottoman capitulations. In 1896 a fresh agreement was reached under which the Italian settlers were permitted to retain their own nationality, from generation to generation, to practise the professions, and to maintain their own schools, independent of French control. This agreement remained in force until after the Great War, when the French initiated a new policy of progressive naturalisation, designed gradually to absorb the foreign colonies in Tunis. For the time being, however, until an agreement could be reached between the two Governments, the convention of 1896 remained in force. Negotiations continued, on and off, from 1923 to 1935.

The Fascist Government took up a more aggressive attitude. Under the direction of the Consulate and of the local associations of ex-combatants, the Italian colony in Tunis was organised into a cohesive Fascist community. Old institutions, papers, clubs, were all turned to propaganda; and new organisations, such as the *Dopolavoro*, introduced from Italy. Anti-fascists were attacked and boycotted. Children from the autonomous schools, trained as *Figli della Lupa*, *Balilla* and *Avanguardisti*, were taken on free holidays to Italy and shown the glories of the new Rome.

While relations between the Italian colony and the French authorities were generally quiet, one comic opera attempt was made at direct action. At the beginning of 1929 a new Italian Consul, Signor Barduzzi, arrived in Tunis with all the aplomb of a conquering general. He was greeted at the quay, in the Roman manner, by the entire Italian colony. Then things began to happen. A bomb was exploded at the Consulate, followed a few weeks later by two more attempts. The explosions were noisy, harmless and politically convenient. The Italian press declared that the colony was in mortal danger. Signor Barduzzi, followed by a crowd of Fascists, marched upon the French Residency demanding justice. After a turn of *Giovanezza* and an attempt to replace the French by the Italian flag, the demonstration petered out. A few weeks later Signor Barduzzi was recalled to Rome by the Italian Government.

The Franco-Italian negotiations were resumed when M. Laval visited Rome at the beginning of 1935. How far M. Laval promised his support to Italy's Abyssinian adventure remains a matter for conjecture; he certainly promised benevolent neutrality. On his side, Mussolini abandoned most of his claims in Tunis, receiving in public exchange two small territories on the Libyan border. The protocol of January, 1935, provided for the progressive liquidation of the Italian colony. The process was to be slow. For the first ten years children born in Tunis were to retain the nationality of their parents. Those born between 1945 and 1965 would be free to adopt either French or Italian nationality. Those born after 1965 would be subject to the common law. This provides that the first generation born in Tunis would retain the nationality of their parents; the second generation would be born French, but be free to become Italian at their majority; and the third generation, whose parents and grandparents were born in Tunis, became French without choice. The protocol also provided that only those Italians engaged in the professions before 1945 should be free to practise them after that date; and that the free Italian schools, after 1955, should come under French control.

The agreement recognised the changing position of the Italian colony in Tunis. While, for the first twenty-five years of the protectorate, the Italians had generally outnumbered the French by more than two to one, this superiority had since steadily decreased. In 1931 the two populations were approximately equal; and the census of 1936 showed 108,000 French settlers to only 94,300 Italians. Despite the violent opposition of the Fascist authorities, nearly 14,000 Italians had voluntarily adopted French nationality during the twelve years from 1924 to 1935. At the same time the policy of the Italian Government had reduced the flow of emigration to a trickle. The proportion of first generation immigrants had naturally decreased, so that, by 1935, 60 per cent. of the Italian colonists were born in Tunis. Their slow assimilation to the French, if left alone, would be inevitable.

Owing to the Abyssinian war, the ratifications of the agreement of 1935 were never exchanged; nor were the detailed conventions properly completed. Nevertheless, Italian troops occupied the territories ceded on the Libyan border. In spite of this, Italy has now decided to regard the whole agreement as abrogated on account of French hostility during the sanctions period and of the changed position in Europe since the Munich agreement. She now desires complete autonomy for the Italian colony in Tunis. If this is granted it will certainly be followed by a fresh demand for the cession of the whole protectorate.

In such a situation the interests of the native population are not likely to be consulted. The Arabs, who outnumber the European settlers by more than two millions, have long demanded the grant of some kind of representative government. Their agitation has generally been peaceful, and they have no violent grievances against the Bey's government or the French officials. Having watched the colonisation of Libya, they are unlikely to be impressed by Signor Mussolini's pose as Protector of Islam. Nor would they wish to exchange the government of King Log for the rods and axes of King Stork.

Whether Mussolini intends to press for Tunis immediately no one knows. There is still a large but incalculable element of bluff in the demands of the Fascist Powers, who know that a general war would be at least as fatal to themselves as to those they chose to make their enemies. If it seems to many of us that it would be mad to fight a war to preserve a colony, it is sometimes forgotten that it would be even more mad to fight to get one. Therefore we doubt if Mussolini means war. But the Italian pressure is likely to be maintained, if only because, under cover of demanding Tunis, Mussolini may hope to get a concession far more disastrous to France. If he can get belligerent rights for Franco and, more important, if he can persuade M. Bonnet to stop oil and food crossing the Pyrenees, he may hope to win for Fascism in Spain that victory by blockade which he is unlikely to win by fighting or by terrorism from the air. With Spain safe for the Fascist Powers and a sure base for hostile aircraft and submarines, there seems no reason why the Italian demands should stop at Tunis or, for that matter, at Corsica or Nice. There will still be Algeria and French Morocco, not to mention those parts of North and East Africa in which Britain still maintains a special interest.

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN"

Barcelona, November 28th, 1938.

WHERE shall I begin? What does it mean to be at war? Sunday morning I went to a big hospital. I walked into a room occupied by a single patient. He had shining black hair, expressionless eyes, a nose, an upper lip. Below that was a gaping red hole—the lower jaw and everything down to the gullet had been shot away in the Ebro battle. He could not talk, smile, eat or smoke. In one ward, a doctor dressed a wound. Shrapnel had torn away the soldier's nose. And so on and so on. This was the division of plastic surgery. I saw photographs of men just after steel had smashed into their features—hideous creatures without cheeks, or chin gone, or jaw crushed. A month later the camera showed faces scarred forever, to be sure, but healed and restored to human shape. The physicians performed miracles with limited materials.

This was the Sunday of a week in which Barcelona was bombed forty times. Wednesday morning I walked out of my hotel, coatless, to promenade on the sunny boulevard. Not a cloud. A Spanish acquaintance passed and remarked: "Good day for a raid." I was called back into the hotel to answer a 'phone call. The director of a children's home was inviting me to a festival. Then she said quickly, "I must take them into the refugio," and hung up. I had not heard the sirens. A group of Spaniards stood in front of the hotel; some hugged the walls. All of us watched the people on the other side of the street who from balconies, windows and pavement were following the Fascist air squadron. We could not see it. The shells of the anti-aircraft guns kept bursting high above in large bolls of cotton against the blue sky. Suddenly those opposite began to point. There was a rush across the broad Paseo de Gracia. We descried distinctly five grey bombers, one of which lagged behind. "Hit," the Spaniards yelled. "Ha." "You see it cannot keep up." Faces burned with eagerness. I was with two British Conservatives and I could not help comparing London's panic in September, 1938, when they thought they might be bombed, with this indifference to a danger so tangible and this sizzling desire for the destruction of the enemy after more than two years of it. The eyes of one young fellow were almost popping. He jumped every time the smoke of a shell showed anywhere near a raider. The evening's official communique said "one bomber visibly lost height and speed."

Ambulances dashed by, their horns signalling madly, although all other traffic is forbidden during a raid so that the special services may have the freedom of the streets. Later we coaxed a chauffeur into disobeying official instructions and taking us before the end of the attack to the Via Durruti, where one bomb had fallen. An officer in charge said it weighed 200 kilogrammes. It had damaged buildings on both sides of the wide thoroughfare. The usual splinters of plate glass everywhere—already being swept together into heaps—crumbled masonry, blood, apartments whose front walls were on the pavement. But in one room a picture had remained in position and a dressmaker's fitting figure was whole and upright. The ladder of a fire engine rested on the third floor of a bank and firemen were lowering the wounded. I drove to the morgue. Stretchers red with blood filled the courtyard. I descended into the cool cellar. A woman whose stockinged feet almost touched one on going through the door and two children of about five lay on an inclined plane. The little boy was bloated and had on a polka-dotted white blouse, and gave an almost pleasant impression of a large doll. An attendant moved his forefinger horizontally, indicating that these were unclaimed victims of an earlier visit from Majorca. He led me into the next chamber. It was dimly lit. The dead were on the stone floor. Assuming that I was in search of a relative he lit his cigarette lighter, stooped and threw a few rays of light on the face of each dead as I moved slowly along the row of feet. Where the head was gone or the face pushed into the skull and beyond recognition he stretched out his arm to light up the body. The bodies had been laid closely together, for there would be more, and space must be economised, and each already had a wooden number. The last number was 39. One girl lay there almost intact as far as I could see. Her face now had a greenish pallor. She was the kind of Catalan beauty that a man will look at as she approaches and follow with his eyes as she passes. Another girl's stockingless legs had been broken below the knees and above the ankles. A man in a cheap brown suit—in each thigh a bright red, deep saucer of flesh. An attendant in white apron entered carrying in front of him a shallow wicker basket filled with the sort of stuff the butcher throws away. That had been a human being. It was No. 40.

Their relatives would not miss them until the evening, for they had gone to work or to shop, or to pay friendly visits or do an errand.

Outside the all-clear siren had sounded. The streets were again filled with people going about their business, smiling, flirting, bearing food bundles. The next moment, any one of them might be lying in the same morgue. This must affect nerves, especially when stomachs are never full and often empty. But if Mussolini or Hitler could spend an hour in Barcelona he would know from the faces and conduct of the people that raids will not break their morale. One of the Conservatives—he had spent three weeks with Franco last May—has since announced that that air attack made him pro-Loyalist. It makes Loyalists more pro-Loyalist. For the alternative is to love the murderer of those folks in the morgue.

This raid occurred at 10.45 a.m. and lasted three minutes. At 12.40 I was in the Ministry of Economy and Finance taking an interview on the textile industry when the alarm went again. From a fourth floor balcony I could see five giant bombers over the city and hear the distant heavy thud of falling bombs. More dead in the morgue. As the anti-aircraft shells tried to find the aeroplanes two men by my side cried "Ha," "Ha"; a woman bookkeeper in black said "Oi" and returned to her desk.

A third raid took place at 7.20 p.m. One doctor in the sanitary service estimated 325 dead that day and several hundred wounded.

As I was going to bed the guns again started firing and the lights went out in the hotel. During the night the anti-aircraft batteries blazed away many times and the siren was heard so often that from bed I could not distinguish whether it heralded the beginning or end of an attack. The next morning we were told that six raids had taken place during the night. After breakfast they came twice more. Italian Savoias all. Eleven raids in 24 hours. The date was November 23rd, when Chamberlain arrived in Paris to discuss belligerent rights for Franco. It was Mussolini's way of throwing his shadow across the Paris talks; nothing could be decided about Spain without him or against him. The same day a "rebel" warship arrested the Greek freighter *Mount Cynthos* en route to England with a cargo of Rumanian wheat purchased by the British Government. This constituted "an assumption of belligerent rights" not yet granted, the British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs declared in the House of Commons a few days later. The piracy and the Barcelona air raids were political.

But these attacks have always pursued an economic aim too. For centuries Catalonia and Italy have been commercial rivals. Barcelona was the competitor of Genoa. Mussolini is trying to ruin Barcelona's trade and Catalonia's excellent industries. One instance of several on which I collected concrete details: in June, 1938, according to the Nazi *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the Italian Snia Viscosa artificial silk corporation purchased a site in Majorca for a rayon factory. There is at Blanes, a small Catalan town, an important mill which converts cellulose into rayon thread. In the course of last summer Italian bombers thrice attempted to destroy this plant which lies outside the city limits. On August 14th, a Fascist hydroplane dropped four 250 kilogramme bombs on it. Only one exploded, but it struck the central shop of whose 38 machines four were totally wrecked and all the rest seriously damaged. Blanes might have competed with Majorca.

Modern bombers usually find their targets. A Latin American air attaché saw the first November 23rd raid from the roof of his hotel and stated privately that the machines had dived and deliberately released their explosives on civilian sections of the capital. The following day we had no water. A few days later a bomb ripped open a gas main. The 23rd, the S.S. *Wisconsin* and the S.S. *Erica Reed*, both flying the United States flag, were tied up at Barcelona quays. The Italians avoided them. This morning I went to buy neckties. I found what I wanted in a store down town. While making the purchase there came the loud dull clap to which all ears are attuned. A woman said "Bombas." Everybody remained calm. No one moved and no one talked. A few adults outside ran into the subway. But after five minutes, and long before the "all clear" siren, pedestrians filled the avenues. On returning to the hotel I asked a journalist what had been hit. He said two ships. "What nationality?" I asked. He said: "Now come, British of course."

Forty air raids in one week. Last evening I was dining with foreign officials on a special mission to republican Spain. A page boy brought in two objects: one, part of a German bomb, two, the time delay fuse of a Soviet anti-aircraft shell stamped with Russian letters. The Spaniards thus know who are their enemies and who their friends. If the Loyalists could buy abroad on cash sufficient pursuit planes and anti-aircraft artillery, air raids would be far less costly in human lives and in crippled bodies. The international device which denies them these defensive weapons is one of the major atrocities of a cruel age. Hands very far from this city have the blood of innocents upon them.

LOUIS FISCHER

[The Spanish Government has now made arrangements whereby individuals abroad can send standard food parcels to individuals in Spain. The Spanish commercial attaché's office in London has the names of scores of thousands of needy Spanish children and adults. A friend of democratic Spain can adopt a child or a member of his or her profession, and thus assure the health and comfort of the person adopted. This is a dramatic and direct way of effectively relieving distress. This system is already in operation, and stores of imported food have been created at Barcelona from which the parcels are made up when the orders arrive from foreign donors. The parcels are of various sizes and cost 6*s*., 12*s*., 20*s*., and 24*s*. Information regarding their contents can be obtained from and cheques sent to Mr. Fernandez Shaw, Spanish Commercial Delegation, 21 Cavendish Square, London.

Those who prefer to send money in the usual way for food for Spain are reminded that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is always glad to receive and acknowledge donations which are passed on to the National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A LONDON DIARY

MR. MACNEILL WEIR'S *Tragedy of Ramsay MacDonald* (Secker & Warburg, 15*s*.) has got under the skin of some important people. Their letters to the *Times* complain that Mr. MacNeill Weir is a dirty fellow; such an attack ought to have been made, if at all, during Mr. MacDonald's lifetime; it ought not to have been made by his private secretary; in the interests of democracy and so forth it ought not to have been made at all. And if MacDonald was so dubious a character, why did Mr. MacNeill Weir so long remain his secretary? Now I don't find Mr. MacNeill Weir's answer to all these criticisms very satisfying, and there is obvious substance in the charge that the book paints far too simple a picture of a complex and tortuous character. But the striking point about these letters, which have driven me to a careful reading of the book, is that at no point do they rebut Mr. MacNeill Weir's evidence. The argument *ad hominem* is notoriously the refuge of people who do not know how to reply to the substance of the charge made. History will be interested not in whether the right man has said these things at the right time, but whether the things that have been said are true. On one point Mr. MacNeill Weir is clearly at fault. He ought not to have said he would deal with Mr. MacDonald as a politician without discussing his character. He has not in fact attempted any such impossible feat. I intend, next week, if the Editor will let me, to say something more about the book, starting from the point of view that its interest lies in the light it throws upon the problems of democratic statesmanship.

* * *

I referred recently to the German demand that the French press should be restrained from anti-Nazi criticism as a condition of the Franco-German peace declaration. It is known that M. Marchandeau refused to agree to these decrees when they were drawn up and that he also refused to sign the decree enabling the French Courts to hear *in camera* cases that might involve evidence likely to annoy foreign Powers. No such conditions have a public place in the present agreement with Ribbentrop, but it is significant that Ribbentrop brought his press expert with him, and I am told that these proposals have been under discussion in Paris this week. The suggestion that foreign political trials should be held *in camera* is given particular significance by the fact that Grynszpan, the young Polish Jew who shot vom Rath, has not yet been tried. I doubt whether the facts behind this murder will ever be made fully public. Under the usual French procedure, a great advocate like Moro-Gaffieri would certainly bring out the facts about Germany's persecution of the Jews and the rest of it in extenuation of his client's crime. I will wager that this case will either be heard *in camera* under a new edict, or that some excuse will be found for not trying Grynszpan at all. Perhaps it will be decided that he is a lunatic unfit to appear in Court. If so, many people in France will believe the rumours which are so far neither confirmed nor contradicted that Grynszpan was really a kind of van der Lubbe, encouraged by Nazis who disliked vom Rath to believe that vom Rath was the peculiar architect of Jewish misery, so that an excuse might be given for the outbreak of pogroms in Germany. In view of the Reichstag trial and other incidents this is such an easy thing to invent that I am not myself disposed to accept it without good evidence. It is, however, certain that the renewed Jewish persecution was planned several weeks before the murder, and that if it had not taken place some other excuse would have done as well.

* * *

I have recently heard a good deal of first-hand evidence of feeling in Germany. There is no doubt that tongues were loosed and fears openly expressed during the Munich crisis and that this new discontent was intensified when decent people saw innocent Jews being beaten up and dragged off to prison while their shops were looted and their property confiscated. I know of cases in which people, who had no other interest in the matter except that of humanity, have run great risks in keeping destitute Jews in their houses, and there have even been cases of people protesting openly against acts of terrorism; landlords have called on their Jewish tenants and said, "I am under orders to turn you out by to-morrow. I therefore give you notice, but as far as I am concerned you are quite free to disregard it." Contrary to general opinion there is less discontent now amongst the workers than amongst the shopkeeping class. The workers grumble about their reduced standard of living and about the general shortage, but they have security of employment and that is much. In some places they show their dislike of the regime by boycotting official Labour Front meetings, but they have no chance of any effective opposition. The shopkeepers complain that they are taxed almost out of existence, spend their lives filling in forms, and can make no profits. Big Business complains too, but always comes to terms with the officials in the long run. The great German chemical combine, tried to make a stand a little while ago, but has now, I gather, completely given in. Not everyone loves Hitler. I was amused to hear that in government departments the Führer is commonly known as the *Teppichbeiser*, or carpet-biter, from his reputed habit of falling on the ground and biting the carpet when in a rage.

* * *

On December 3rd the *Popolo d'Italia* published on its front page a despatch from its London correspondent, Sr. Carlo Camagna. It was the headed "England recognises that the process of [Treaty] revision is bound to continue." Having reported that the English press was taking a lively interest in the "artificial clamour" raised in Paris against the "spontaneous manifestation" in the Chamber at Rome, Signor Camagna continued:

> In this connection the *Times*, in a despatch from Rome, wrote this morning: "It is clearly essential to have adjustments and international agreements which recognise effectively the position due to each Great Power in Europe. The process of territorial revision begun at Munich requires, therefore, to be continued.
>
> There is reason to believe that these words of the *Times* reflect the most widely spread opinion in responsible British circles.

Astonished, I referred to the *Times*. What its Rome correspondent had really written, was:

> In praising the Foreign Minister . . . *the Fascist newspapers* with one accord draw the moral that the process of territorial revision begun at Munich requires to be continued . . . The note emphasised [i.e., in Rome] is that there is justice still to be done and adjustments to be made in order to give each Power the place that is due to it.

The least responsible British journalist may gasp at this. The *Times* correct summary of the Rome press is wired back to Rome as the opinion of the *Times*!

* * *

Here is another problem for the intelligent child who wishes to understand modern politics. Hitler offers friendship with France and abuses England. Mussolini accepts friendship with Britain and threatens France. France and Britain declare undying loyalty to each other: so do Hitler and Mussolini. Questions: (1) What will Mr. Chamberlain (*a*) say in public, (*b*) agree in private with Mussolini? (2) What did M. Bonnet (*a*) intend to convey in public about the German-French declaration, and (*b*) say in private to Herr von Ribbentrop?

* * *

The amalgamation of the Fabian Society and its foster-child the New Fabian Research Bureau is really a recognition that the old Fabian Society, which first startled the world in 1889 and did much to transform it during the next twenty years, has ceased to count much in our national life. Shaw, the Webbs, Olivier, Graham Wallas and the rest were largely responsible for the progressive movement in the L.C.C., the whole development of Municipal Socialism, for the Poor Law agitation after 1909 and for a host of less conspicuous activities which really included the provision of the Labour Party with an ideology. Recently the Fabian Society has done little except continue the publication of useful Socialist literature and organise its famous annual series of lectures. The N.F.R.B., on the other hand, has become an exceedingly valuable research body which has published the best constructive Socialist pamphlets of our period. The amalgamated body is to be almost wholly devoted to research: it will have no collective policy, only sending, as an affiliated body of the Labour Party, a delegate to the Conference who will not move resolutions in his capacity as delegate. Mr. Galton, who has been for so many years secretary of the Fabian Society, is retiring in June. But continuity is maintained. Mrs. Webb is President, Emil Davies is Treasurer—these are the staunchest "old" Fabians, though Mrs. Webb's politics have scarcely been Fabian since her discovery of the U.S.S.R. G. D. H. Cole is the Chairman and John Parker, M.P., who has run the N.F.R.B. with conspicuous ability, becomes General Secretary of the new body.

* * *

I wonder whether Mr. Burgin is an expert on railway rates. If he is not, he is in for a rough time in the next few months. Knowing nothing about them but impressed by the Railways' propaganda, I had a chat with an expert who told me the following facts. Before 1921 there were at least 40 million classified rates: by colossal efforts they have now been reduced to 6 million. These 6 million are now classified under the following main headings: (1) General, (2) Timber, (3) Rolling stock on own wheels, (4) Returned empties, (5) Dangerous goods. This may seem a curious classification, but it is nothing to the oddities revealed by study of the details. Here is one specimen rate quoted by my friend, "Caravans, corpses and theatrical scenery between Edinburgh and Peebles."

* * *

Sir Samuel Hoare's reply to Mr. Mander's charges of censorship on Wednesday contained one very puzzling passage. He seemed to deny seeing the British correspondents in Paris at the time of the Laval-Hoare terms. I do not know what to make of this as I have had full accounts from British journalists who assert that they were at an interview in which Sir Samuel asked them to be discreet. According to their account, they were discreet, but Pertinax and Mme. Tabouis spilled the beans. I think Sir Samuel's memory must be at fault.

* * *

Reported (on the worst authority) from Germany. A Jew found a starving friend of the same race reading *Der Stürmer*. He expressed his astonishment. His friend replied that he always read *Der Stürmer* to cheer him up. "Cheer you up!" "Why, yes, I learn here that the Jews are the most powerful people in the world. The Jews, it seems, control the press and business and finance. They are behind everything, directing all the policy of Europe and planning the overthrow of Hitler. And every Jew over seventy has the virility to violate as many Nordic girls as he wants. Do you wonder that *Der Stürmer* cheers me up?"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to A. W. Ashman.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

After performing the opening ceremony, Mrs. Chamberlain visited all the stalls, and almost everybody in the hall tried to shake her by the hand and, failing that, to touch the hem of her garment.—*Swindon Evening Advertiser*.

Oxford University Boxing Club sent this telegram to-day to Len Harvey:

"Oxford's moral rearmament troops wish you luck. Grateful for your leadership in sport."—*Star*.

A new departure in connection with certain branches of voluntary service will be the introduction of a voluntary obligation to serve.—*Birmingham Evening Despatch*.

Colonel L. Tebbutt, an alderman of the Cambridgeshire County Council, opposed the amendment (to give employees a week's holiday with pay). He said that for the first fifteen years of his career he did not have a holiday and he could not for the life of him see why working men should have any holidays at all . . . The amendment was a backdoor method of getting higher wages for the men, without anybody knowing about it. It was decided not to include Good Friday as a holiday as "everywhere amusements were closed and the men did not know what to do with themselves and were best at work."—Press report of meeting of the River Great Ouse Catchment Board, at Cambridge.

THE NON-VOTER

ON November 26th a *Daily Herald* editorial was entitled "A Myth Destroyed." Rightly, it points out that the recent bye-elections have demonstrated the fallacy in repeated statements that the nation is united in support of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Wrongly, the *Herald's* editorial plays with figures to prove its own point of view. It says that in Lewisham the "turnover" (a misleading phrase) was 6,722 votes, in Bridgwater 6,661. It concludes: "The West Lewisham result is magnificent." But is it?

In Lewisham the opposition candidate got two thousand votes more than in 1935. In Bridgwater the opposition candidate got six thousand more. The Lewisham poll was 58 per cent., 6 per cent. less than in 1935. The Bridgwater poll was 84 per cent., a record for the area and remarkable for any bye-election in a huge agricultural constituency. When the Lewisham result was announced, the Labour candidate, Mr. A. M. Skeffington, said:

> I lost because of the overwhelming Conservative character of the division . . . Too few people took the trouble to investigate the reasons why we were brought to the brink of war.

Mr. Skeffington, a University teacher, blamed the people. Vernon Bartlett, a populariser, took the trouble to explain so that all could understand, and when the Bridgwater result was announced he said:

> You can have no better proof that the nation as a whole realises the dangers of the Government's foreign policy. I quite deliberately accepted the offer to fight in an agricultural constituency where I was told the chances were practically nil . . . Even in the tiniest hamlets the people listened to my speeches on foreign affairs with intense interest.

The difference between Bridgwater and Lewisham was more than the 61 votes difference in "turnover"; it was also 26 per cent. in electoral interest. At Bridgwater there was an unprecedented electoral enthusiasm; at Lewisham a profound apathy. Can a gain of two thousand votes by Labour, on a 58 per cent. poll, be regarded in any sense as a "magnificent" result? Is it wise for democrats to praise the result of an election where nearly half the electorate cannot be bothered to use their vote, at a time when democracy itself is said to be in jeopardy?

Electoral apathy is the core of the contemporary democratic problem. To-day in this country those who do not use their votes are by far the largest "Party" in municipal elections, and a powerful third party in parliamentaries. These people, ten millions of them, neglect their basic rights in a democracy. They provide the best part of the argument: "Democracy won't work. People want a Leader." In so far as all political interests must care for the survival of a system which enables them to exist, it seems odd that no party does anything to educate people to vote, to keep up high polls in general as well as in particular. Mass-observers have repeatedly recorded statements from leaders of all parties who believe that a low poll favours them. Quite apart from the "morals" of such an attitude, there is no objective evidence upon which to base any such belief. For, extraordinary as it seems, no one has yet made a scientific study of non-voting, or even of voting, in Britain, though Chicago's Professor H. Gosnell made some careful observations ten years ago. A matter of vital importance remains a matter of opinion.

For the past eighteen months Mass-Observation has been collecting voting data in "Worktown" and adjacent northern constituencies, covering 30,000 voters, an effective sample for the area.

In Worktown's electorate women characteristically outnumber men, but in elections where all candidates are male, they vote from 1.1 to 5.8 per cent. less than men; when there is a female candidate women vote about 1 per cent. more than men. 75.7 per cent. of married couples act the same way (both vote or both don't). 9.1 per cent. of wives voted when their husbands did not, while 15.2 per cent. of husbands voted when their wives did not. This is in line with data from Leipzig in 1922, when 89 per cent. of married couples acted the same way. 85.8 per cent. of Worktown wives say they vote for the same candidate as their husbands, always. This is significant in times like the present, when women are more pro-Chamberlain than men, wanting peace at any price. For example, on September 21st and 22nd, when 67 per cent. of men in our London surveys were indignant at the potential "betrayal" of Czechs, only 22 per cent. women felt that way. A crude analysis of public opinion would thus have given under half indignant, but as a voting issue on that day a much higher proportion would have voted according to the dominant husband-attitude of indignation.

Much may be learned by analysing votes according to age. There are an increasing number of "alternative interests" available for young people, many (jazz, pools, watching sport, press, Blackpool) run primarily for profit rather than for "the good of the community"; these interests tend to produce a generation which does not care about politics. Whether this really spells an apathetic future, no one yet knows—for no one has tried to find out! But here are some 1937 figures for Worktown municipal elections:

Age.	Percentage of those at this age entitled to vote who did *not* do so.
Under 31	62.2
31–45	43.6
Over 45	47.9

The result caused us to modify age-groupings, and at subsequent municipal and parliamentary bye-elections we got these results:

Age.	Percentage *not* using vote. At MUNICIPAL.	At PARLIAMENTARY.
21–25	86	81
26–40	64	67
41–55	59	43
56–70	75	69
Over 70	87	86

Middle-aged people vote most, but the percentage declines with increasing age. Statistics for the younger voters are startling. Experiments have shown that increases in total poll cover all ages nearly equally, but along this line a ceiling would soon be reached, and then special stimuli to the young and old would be necessary. It is curious that politicians continue to treat the electorate as a uniform mass of politically conscious people, seldom or never trying horizontal, age, sex, occupational, etc., propaganda. Prof. Tingsten of Stockholm has shown that the Nazis in Germany came into power largely because they won female support. For instance, in Leipzig in 1930 the voting index of women to men was 79.0; in 1932 it had risen to 89.7, and in 1933 to 113.8. All German statistics point the same way. It seems that when the Nazis took power on their bare Reichstag majority, they did not have the majority of German males behind them. How easy it is to stimulate wider electoral interest was shown by three simple experiments of our own. We prepared three pieces of political literature, one based on a football pool coupon, one on a comic strip, one on jazz songs. Each was sent to 3,000 electors and we had 3,000 "controls" who did not receive anything special. Each leaflet explained or illustrated some aspect of the current municipal elections. The recipient was urged to vote, but no party or person was indicated or implied. The effect in each case was that those who received the leaflets polled from 10 to 15 per cent. higher than their neighbours, the "controls."

Church associations are also important in elections. Churchgoers invariably poll at least 11 per cent. higher than the general average in Worktown; Baptists and Anglo-Catholics poll over 25 per cent. higher. Working class owner-occupiers poll 4 per cent. more than tenants in municipal elections—the only comparable data are from Illinois, where 4,390 voters were investigated fifteen years ago, and owner-occupiers polled 11 per cent. higher than tenants. In Worktown, among the people who have occupied a house under three years, 17 per cent. less poll than among those who have lived in the same house 11 to 20 years. People living in houses with gardens poll 2 per cent. higher than those who are gardenless; though slight, this difference is constant. Its significance becomes clear if we stratify the electorate into occupational "classes":

	Percentage *not* using their vote. MUNICIPAL.	PARLIAMENTARY.
Upper middle class	37.9	33.3
Lower middle class	42.0	54.8
Working class	48.0	60.4

Thus electoral apathy decreases as the social ladder is ascended. Here it is possible to draw on comparable data from several countries, summarised in the following table:

		Percentage *not* using vote, by class.		
Place.	Date.	Upper middle.	Lower middle.	Working class.
Prussia	1913	48.6	58.1	70.1
Stockholm	1920	18.0	29.8	31.9
Sweden	1928 (male)	15.3	24.3	30.6
Basel	1932	21.5	31.0	39.3
Illinois	192[illegible]	[illegible]	25	35

There can be little doubt that this is a world-wide phenomenon. The better off you are, the more likely you are to vote And, both in Worktown and in a London area, we have canvass returns collected from both parties in the same elections, which give a double check on party loyalties and show that the better off you are the more likely you are to be Conservative.

Observers, including the present writer, have nevertheless repeatedly been assured by Labour M.P.s and leaders that the poll should be kept low in the Labour interest. Even in London, world-centre of low polls, this does not seem to be true. In the 1934 borough elections, for example, five boroughs had polls above 40 per cent. All were Labour. But so were the four boroughs which polled the lowest. In 1937 three more boroughs were won by Labour. Of these, Lambeth had the lowest poll of the 1934 Conservative boroughs, while Stoke Newington and Hammersmith had respectively second and third highest. In each case Labour won on an *increased* poll. The highest polling area in London is Fulham, the scene of Labour's pre-crisis bye-election triumph.

Clearly there are many complicating factors, but at least there is reason to suspect that the opposition parties may be damaging their immediate interests, and even more so their future interests, by keeping the poll down in case they lose the seat. Apathy favours the *status quo*. Increasing apathy favours increasing reaction. No result from a 58 per cent. poll can, from this point of view, be regarded as "magnificent." And there are indications that candidates who approach ordinary people in an ordinary way can stir up the many who usually abstain, but whose complacency has been shattered by the Miracle of Munich. Mass-Observation's material nowhere indicates that the masses are too "dumb" to take any notice of politics. It does suggest that many politicians are too "dumb" to take any notice of the masses. In the last thirty years the electorate and its interests have changed tremendously. But political method and thought have hardly changed in a century. New party groupings have emerged; they have taken on all the old trappings and techniques—techniques and a vocabulary which advertisers, film-producers, sub-editors have long since rejected as unsuitable for modern times and mass-reactions

MASS-OBSERVATION

MORE FUN

THERE is fun brewing in Italy. The Secretary of the Fascist Party is organising an Anti-bourgeois Exhibition and inviting caricaturists and other artists to send in drawings deriding the manners and customs of the bourgeoisie. The object of the Exhibition, we are told, is to "denounce the typical aspect of the bourgeois mentality, which is antithetical to Fascist customs," and the artists are asked particularly to bear in mind such expressions of the bourgeois mentality as shaking hands, taking off the hat, society games, five o'clock tea, evening dress, traditional banquets, and pity for Jews. Such things are apparently unworthy of Fascism which is "a regime of the people."

Certainly the bourgeois is a figure that encourages ridicule. To a visitor from another planet, his habit of shaking hands with people who come into his house or whom he meets elsewhere must seem as absurd as the South Seas custom of rubbing noses. Sometimes he shakes your hand as though he were trying to prove his strength by crushing the bones in it till they cracked. Sometimes he lays a hand in yours like an uncooked fillet of fish. Sometimes he withdraws his hand as quickly as if he had been stung. Sometimes he holds on to your hand so long that you feel he must be absent-minded and have forgotten to let go. There was one period during which he tried to shake hands as nearly above your head as possible. There was another period, probably, during which he shook hands from side to side. Most absurd of all, he regards it as impolite to shake hands with you while wearing a glove, and—if he is old-fashioned, at least—carefully removes his right-hand glove before offering you the customary greeting.

All this is obviously most unmodern. It comes down from a time before the People had learned self-respect and achieved the right to be dictated to. There is a suggestion of good will in a handshake that is almost Early Christian. It is not a fitting symbol of aggressive and self-conscious manhood. You cannot easily scowl and look fierce while you are shaking a man by the hand. You are much more likely to wear a feeble smirk or a disfiguring good-natured grimace. Even the removal of the glove is an unsoldierly gesture, denoting that you are a man of peace and that you have abjured for the time being the mailed fist. Boxers, indeed, shake hands in gloves at the beginning of a fight, but even here the handshake is to be condemned as a sign of weakness implying that this is a contest, not between warriors, but between playboys. Now that a regime of the people has been set up, such pacifist demonstrations are out of date. For the people, having become free to wear chains, have acquired a new virility and can no longer be content with the ceremonies of a decadent democracy.

I look forward to seeing reproductions of some of these caricatures of bourgeois shaking hands with each other. I hope there is an Italian Low who can do justice to the theme. I hope, too, that the caricaturists will pursue the bourgeois into every aspect of his life, showing him as the ridiculous figure he is from breakfast-time till bed-time. "Bourgeois Reading an Uncensored Paper at the Breakfast Table"—that, if well drawn, would be a picture to make a Fascist laugh till his sides ached. Or again: "Two Bourgeois Criticising Head of State in Restaurant Without Fear of Arrest"—that should be a biting piece of satire. To the Fascist who has experienced the raptures of compulsory silence all this free speech must appear one of the most comic things imaginable. A Hyde Park orator seems fairly comic even in English eyes: to a Fascist he must appear as uproariously funny as the best things in Rabelais. And how amusing an institution must the House of Commons seem, with Mr. Gallacher sitting opposite a Prime Minister who carries an umbrella and saying what he thinks of him! Only a nation that has been set free from the antiquated tyranny known as freedom of speech can fully appreciate the humour of such a situation.

I had not myself thought of pity for Jews as a particularly bourgeois characteristic. Up to the present moment I had imagined that it was shared by all normally chivalrous human beings. To pity Jews when they are persecuted is, I believe, common even in Russia, which is scarcely a bourgeois country though there is a bourgeois element in its government. If the Fascist caricaturists see fun in bourgeois pitying Jews, they will, if they are logical, also see fun in bourgeois pitying shipwrecked sailors, bourgeois rescuing children from a burning house, bourgeois pitying old and helpless people, bourgeois pitying maltreated animals. It may be, I agree, that these things are funnier than most of us realise. I have heard that among some primitive races it is the custom to laugh at the sufferings of others, and, as the world shows signs of returning to the primitive in search of strength, we may all one day find ourselves blessed with a primitive sense of humour. If pity for Jews is ridiculous, however, I should like to know what is glorious and dignified. Presumably, the opposite—persecution of Jews. If persecution of Jews is so glorious and unbourgeois, however, why do the persecutors not take photographs of their exploits and exhibit them boastfully as records of their prowess? Unless I have been misinformed, the camera of any one who tried to take photographs of the recent Jewish persecution in Germany was confiscated. This does not look as if the persecutors of the Jews were as proud of their work as they might be expected to be. They object even to the appearance of descriptions of their treatment of Jews in foreign newspapers. Either it is right to maltreat Jews or it is right to pity Jews. And, if it is right to maltreat them, it is irrational to conceal the details of their maltreatment as though it were a crime. On the whole, those who persecute Jews seem to me more inviting subjects for the satirist than those who pity them.

The Italian caricaturists will be on surer ground when they let their pencils loose on that bourgeois institution, the traditional banquet. There are many of the bourgeoisie who will be sincerely grateful to them if they can satirise the traditional banquet out of existence. Why men cannot respect one of their species without giving him a meal he does not want and eating a meal that they do not want, I have never been able to understand. Even the dead are not safe from the zeal of the confirmed banqueter. Long after they are in their graves, the banqueter sees a chance of wasting a gluttonous evening in their honour and ropes in some hundreds of reluctant diners to listen to speeches, most of which are about as exhilarating as a series of mallet-blows on the head. Yet many people must enjoy banquets, for every night London is full of them and—except, occasionally, during the speeches—most of those present look happy. I have enjoyed a number of them myself, but I have enjoyed staying away from still more of them. A banquet, I think, is almost the only kind of entertainment that never seems to come to an end too soon.

As for bowing and hat-raising, which the Italian caricaturists are urged to deride, these things do not seem to me so funny as they evidently seem to a Fascist. Possibly, the Secretary of the Fascist Party goes on the assumption that whatever a bourgeois does is wrong and, being wrong, a good subject for satire. As he develops his theory, he will, no doubt, suggest to the artists that it would be great fun to draw caricatures ridiculing the bourgeois habit of breathing. Then there is the bourgeois habit of wearing pyjamas in bed, which should supply some excellent material. The bourgeois also sits in a chair at his meals, a truly comical figure. If he bumps against you in the streets, he apologises—another good subject. He writes letters with a pen, he smokes, he fastens his collar with a stud, he uses a safety razor, he rides in a car or a bus, he keeps a dog or a cat, he usually marries, he puts most of his food (including peas) into his mouth with a fork—all of which things seem to me to be quite as funny as taking off one's hat to a woman. Cultivate a Fascist sense of humour, and you will probably see fun in the spectacle of a bourgeois sitting down at table with the knives before him on his right hand and the forks on his left. A bourgeois cannot even say "Thank you" without being funny. He is funny because he has two ears and only one nose. He is funny, indeed, because he is alive. Luckily, the Fascist sense of humour has discovered this. Let the Fascists beware of laughing too easily, however. If once they begin to laugh, they may end, like the bourgeoisie, by laughing at themselves.

Y. Y.

MUZZLING DEMOCRACY

WHEN Thomas Jefferson declared that it would be better to have newspapers without a Government than a Government without newspapers, he was only exaggerating a sentiment which is deeply rooted in the minds of the British people. Call Britain a plutodemocracy, if you will; admit, if you like, that for the multitude liberty means liberty to live on doles. The fact remains that freedom of speech and printed word, freedom to criticise authority and denounce tyranny, is a right whose forfeiture, if it were undisguised, would go far to create in this country a revolutionary movement. The storm raised by the Sandys affair in Parliament last summer was a reflection, not of the importance of that particular incident, but of a widespread and growing apprehension lest an authoritarian gag might be applied, or its application attempted, to stifle inquiry or comment disagreeable to the Government in office. The fact that the Official Secrets Act could be invoked to muzzle a Member of Parliament drew attention forcibly to the question whether these or similar powers might not be used more extensively to regiment the press and thus lead a muzzled democracy along the pavement towards Fascism.

In a most timely and informative pamphlet* Mr. Kingsley Martin reviews the growing tendency—not merely in Germany and Italy but in all countries amenable to pressure from the "Axis" Powers—to curb the liberty of newspapers. Adverse comment on foreign countries may create political tension or frustrate hopes of "appeasement." Hostile criticism of the Government at home may weaken national unity, and so it becomes unpatriotic. From this resentment at the inconvenience of free speech Mr. Chamberlain is not immune. The Sandys affair was only one isolated instance of attempts to exercise a veto on publicity. For those who wish to grasp accurately the details of the campaign against press liberties Mr. Martin's pamphlet is an invaluable and authoritative pocket text-book. It shows lucidly how the restrictions always imposed by common law in respect of blasphemy, obscenity and libel have been amplified, partly, by the Incitement to Disaffection Act of 1934, but more importantly by the use recently made of the Official Secrets Act, passed in 1920 explicitly for the purpose of suppressing espionage, but so drafted that publication of an infinite range of news which might be ascribed to "official" sources of information becomes an offence if the Government chooses, for its own ends, to proceed against the publisher.

Demand for legislation to restrict the 1920 Act to its original declared purposes must be mobilised, or democratic liberties will be seriously undermined. The danger, as I see it, is that men will rarely fight for causes in whose reality they disbelieve, and that the freedom of the press is suspect, not unreasonably, from two separate points of view. Distribution of large newspapers on a mass-circulation scale has meant inevitably the commercialisation of the press, the investment of great sums of capital, and close concentration of ownership, under whose control journalists are for the most part no more than hired technicians piping grace-notes to a commanded tune. Is the Left to do battle for the liberty of a capitalist press, or combat the insidious suggestion of Authority that five men controlling the sale of eight million daily newspapers are exercising a freedom which irresponsibility or personal prejudice might turn into license subversive of the country's interests? Would members of the National Union of Journalists, now vigorously backing Mr. Dingle Foot's Bill to amend the Official Secrets Act, be less enslaved if they worked for boards of directors appointed by a totalitarian Government? In short, is there any reality in the supposed freedom for whose maintenance the *Daily Worker* and Lord Beaverbrook stand, somewhat incongruously, embattled side by side?

These questions Mr. Martin faces squarely, and answers, in my judgment, correctly—at least from the public's point of view. He admits that press combines, with their essential dependence on advertisement revenue, are a considerable departure from the ideals of the eighteenth-century champions of "unlicensed printing." Nevertheless he concludes:

> As long as there are some people prepared to "blow the gaff," no paper will wholly play the game of suppression. Competition and the dislike of being scooped even by smaller rivals still play a useful part in maintaining genuine political controversy. Moreover, if it is true that centralisation of ownership in the popular newspapers has given undue power to a few men, it becomes all the more important to resist restrictions on the still not inconsiderable independent provincial and London press.

It is no argument for restrictions on press liberty to complain that news in the "popular" dailies is sometimes sensationalised and its values distorted. That complaint, in so far as it is justified, is an indictment of the reading public's demands. The essential point is that even in the mass-circulation capitalist press there remains, as between rival ownerships, a vigorous individuality of opinion, an eagerness to be "first with the news," whose consequence is that a proportion of the reading public—one day in this paper, another day in that—is given an approximation to the truth, no matter how distasteful to the Government. It may not be the full attainment of an ideal newspaper world in which every reader would be presented with the full truth always—and even that is begging Pilate's question. But would any democrat exchange it for a press controlled to reproduce exclusively the single voice of a British Goebbels? AYLMER VALLANCE

Correspondence

GERMANY AND THE JEWS

SIR,—I have just returned from a visit to Berlin, which city I know well, as I was a journalist there for eleven years. I must have talked to at least a score of old German friends and acquaintances of all classes, some Nazi party members, others not, about the persecution of the Jews.

Not one of them approved it; on the contrary, one and all denounced it in varying terms. A doctor described it as "shameful," a master carpenter as "uncivilised," a hairdresser as "horrible," while a waiter said, "I am ashamed to be a German." A woman thought the persecution had "gone too far" and asked me to send my clothes to be pressed and cleaned by a Jewish tailor living in the same building and to whom she herself had given work because she felt so sorry for him. A taxicab driver told me he had put up a Jew whom he found wandering in the street at three in the morning, in his own home because "the poor devil was finished." An English friend told me at a small party at which he was a guest a German army officer described the Jewish pogrom as a piece of "Schweinerei" (swinishness).

These examples seem to indicate clearly enough that the Nazi party extremists have *not* the German people behind them in their bestial treatment of Jews, a fact which it is to be hoped, the British people will always bear in mind. VICTOR BODKER

19d Palace Court, W.2.

SIR,—Let me try to enlighten N.B. about the attitude of the German people towards the recent riots.

N.B. is right in assuming that the German people have become less docile lately, but terrorism, open and secret, have done much to subdue any open resentment against actions of members of the Nazi party. Besides, the anti-Fascist organisations are right in not encouraging their followers to express themselves on occasions when the only results would be arrests, without any actual damage being done to the Nazi Government. May I give instances, which come directly from one of those involved?

The father of a Hitler-youth who had himself been a member of the Nazi party for more than ten years, rebuked his son for taking part in the looting of a Jewish flat. The son's answer was: "It seems that you are a Communist and I will denounce you to the police."

Another instance: A young man remarked: "These Jews should be left alone now," when he saw a group of elder Jews being forced to scrub the floor in a coffee-house. He was seized by a few Stormtroopers; a poster, "This Aryan swine protects the Jews," was fixed on his coat and he was forced to walk through the main street amid the jeering of a crowd of mostly youngsters and party officials. The police stood by.

To give an idea of the feeling of security within the Reich the words of an Aryan visitor to this country may be cited. "I'd rather prefer to walk hungry through London, than to continue to live in . . . although I am well off. You never know who will knock at your door in the morning."

N.B. may believe me when I say that I know of many instances where Aryans, even members of the Party, have volunteered to help Jews in difficult, even dangerous, circumstances, but it is obvious that this help was not given publicly. R. H.

PALESTINE AND JEWISH REFUGEES

SIR,—Your comment on the plea for "making Palestine an immediate asylum for any great number of the victims of persecution in Europe" is anything but helpful. You say that "it is clearly out of the question," without offering the least explanation or justification for such a view other than a reference to what the Colonial Secretary stated in the Commons debate the other week. But Mr. MacDonald likewise did not advance any justification for this view. He said that the problem cannot be settled in

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* *Fascism, Democracy and the Press.* By Kingsley Martin. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. 6*d.*

Palestine, but that is no reason why that country should not make a substantial contribution towards its solution. Until the Royal Commission published its recommendations, the British Government recognised the principle of regulating Jewish immigration into Palestine in accordance with its economic absorptive capacity, and it subsequently admitted that the present system of restriction is arbitrary and provisional. The League Mandates Commission has expressed itself in very critical terms regarding this indefensible departure. Is not the reign of persecution sufficient justification now for restoring the principle of economic absorptive capacity?

Of all the various territories that have been suggested as offering an asylum for the victims of oppression, not a single one can immediately admit as many Jews as Palestine. They are all linked up with long-term schemes, the investigation of which will take many months and the implementation of which—even if the vast sums necessary for the preparation of undeveloped regions are forthcoming—will take many more months. Meanwhile, the agony of the victims under their ruthless persecutors will be prolonged and intensified, and they may find earlier relief in death than in exodus.

Is it, then, doing the Zionist cause a disservice to urge that while all these schemes are being investigated as to the degree of their practicability, Palestine shall be allowed to render the largest possible measure of alleviation? What conceivable ground is there for opposing this except that it may annoy the ex-Mufti and his terrorist followers? But to make policy subject to this consideration is simply to surrender to violence and intimidation, a course that you have repeatedly rejected in regard to the situation on the Continent. Such a policy is an undoubted violation of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate and utterly incompatible with British honour. The Jews of Palestine have offered to make themselves responsible for the reception of 100,000 refugees without entailing any liability on the part of the Government, and no valid or plausible reason has yet been given why this offer should not be accepted. ISRAEL COHEN

Childs Hill, N.W.2.

[Would it really be more helpful if we burked facts? The "economic absorptive capacity" of Palestine is an important criterion for regulating immigration. But it is absurd to suggest that it is the only one. There is war in Palestine, whose seriousness cannot be concealed by talking of it as though it were a street brawl. The disaffection of the Arab population (stimulated by Fascist propaganda) goes far beyond the terrorists and rebels who are in arms. And one of its main causes is the widespread fear—even though that fear be not justified—of Jewish immigration. Does Mr. Cohen seriously ask us to believe that to plunge 100,000 refugees from Germany into Palestine in the present circumstances would have no other effect than to "annoy the ex-Mufti and his terrorists"? We have from the outset in this journal supported the project of the National Home for the Jews in Palestine. We can see no more likely way of wrecking Zionist hopes than the attempt, at this juncture, to carry out Mr. Cohen's suggestion.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE PERIL OF FRANCE

SIR,—You begin your article, "The Peril of France," by saying that—"The English spectator has followed the news of recent events in France with ever growing anxiety." On that point all would agree with you, but when you go on to ascribe the present industrial situation, and thus the financial position to "speculation, hoarding and the export of capital," "the dark operations of the two hundred families," etc., you appear to be at variance with nearly every reliable Paris Correspondent, including your own.

A recent issue of *The Economist* summed up the position as follows: "The French problem arises from the very low level at which the volume of industrial production obstinately lingers. This low level of production is due to a great variety of causes. But there is no longer any doubt in competent quarters in France or elsewhere that the labour legislation of 1936 is very largely responsible."

Anyone doubting the accuracy of this statement should read the report made to the President in Paris on November 12th by MM. Daladier and Reynaud. The figures given for such indices of industrial activity as car loadings, manufactured exports, buildings completed, abundantly confirm that production has reached a low level; they are devastating compared with the corresponding figures of other countries.

The conclusion that this industrial decline has been accelerated in the last three years by restrictive laws and practices seems inescapable. It would be absurd to say that the 5-day or 40-hour week is in all countries and under all circumstances an economic impossibility. It is not. It is a question of weighing up free time against spendable income, and France under existing conditions cannot afford two free days a week. It reduces the national income (as the indices mentioned demonstrate) to a point which is rapidly approaching bankruptcy.

But legislation is not the sole cause of the present position. The following incident may be trivial, but it illustrates a very general industrial attitude. About 700,000 tons of Algerian wine are imported at Rouen each year. This wine passed in barrels until a few years ago when equipment was installed to receive the wine in bulk by means of tank compartment boats from Algiers and to transfer the wine at Rouen, still in bulk, to smaller barges to complete the journey up the Seine to Paris. The dock labourers declined to allow the traffic to pass in this form and insisted on it either travelling in barrels throughout or, if received in bulk, *being put into barrels at Rouen* for the last few miles of the journey before being emptied near Paris.

The French Government, therefore, is up against not merely restrictive legislation, but a widespread belief in limitation of output and organised "ca' canny," with which it is much more difficult to deal.

What is the remedy? It is not possible, as the Reynaud report remarks, "in any economy as rigid as ours to bring about a real revival by the artificial injection of credits. Credit permits businesses to prosper when demand is present and when the right climate for healthy activity exists." It continues rightly: "The national economy must be released from the stranglehold of restrictive regulations and the suppleness, which is indispensable to its free movement, must be restored."

M. Reynaud's proposals deserve serious criticism. The increases in direct taxation are far too small and are inequitably divided between rich and poor, whilst the manner in which he introduced his decrees aroused much avoidable hostility. But this should not divert our attention from the basic facts. If the present situation is to be relieved, the first essential is to remove the hindrances to increased national production. The Government's efforts should, of course, not be allowed to rest there; above all else a determined attempt must be made to persuade the recalcitrant elements on both sides to co-operate in raising the national income. On the solution of that problem depends the future of France, and perhaps of Europe.

The Davids, Northfield, L. J. CADBURY
Birmingham.

[Mr. Cadbury criticises us for throwing the responsibility for the French crisis upon the financiers and prefers to blame the social laws and the "ca-canny" of the Trades-Unions. No doubt the 40 hour week has slowed down production, but can we really expect the Trades-Unions to co-operate enthusiastically with employers whose mere policy they regard as treasonable? Mr. Cadbury admits that Reynaud's decrees impose an unfair burden upon the working-class, but does not regard this as a basic fact. For many of us, however, it is *the* basic fact about the Daladier Government. So long as it is suspected of pro-Fascist and anti-working-class sympathies, it is idle to hope for Trades-Union co-operation.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A UNITED IRELAND

SIR,—Colonel Hungerford in his delightful letter on a "United Ireland" is perhaps unwise to suggest that the Nationalists who boycotted the Deputy Recorder's courts (for the redivision of electoral areas) had no right afterwards to complain "when his decisions were not to their liking." Rank outsiders might be tempted to say, most unfairly, that, since the Government Unionists boycotted the Civil Liberties Commission, *they* have no right to complain when *its* findings were not to their liking.

Perhaps, too, there should have been a word of explanation added to his remarks on the Special Powers Act: "No law-abiding citizen objects to this Act, for the simple reason that it only operates against those who are connected with disloyal organisations and use violence as a means to achieve their political ends." Colonel Hungerford should have explained that "disloyal" means "holding political views different from those of the Government." And the fact that this Act sanctions imprisonment for months without trial is very necessary, of course, for the simple reason that there are such enormous numbers of these disloyal citizens. Confound them, Sir. OWEN SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

Glencormac, Bray, Ireland.

FASCISM AND CAPITALISM

SIR,—Mr. Crossman deserves the thanks of every member of the Left who is still able to think, instead of merely to swear, about Fascism. The identification of Fascism with aggressive capitalism has, more than any other single error, vitiated Socialist thought for four years and has led the Left into the curious position of being popularly considered the War Party.

The argument is merely this. Marx prophesied a last struggle of disintegrating capitalism. What happened was the rise of Fascism. Therefore, the rise of Fascism must be the last struggle of disintegrating capitalism. No other reason has ever been adduced, and what facts there are have been carefully selected to bolster up this somewhat faulty logic. I am myself indisposed to believe in the infallibility of Marx, but may I suggest to the faithful that, even on a Marxist analysis, the truth might be that, in its struggle for survival, capitalism has divided to rule? It has set its two enemies, Fascism and Socialism, at each other's throats.

This reading has at least the merit of according with the facts of the situation and it does not demand that English Socialists should line up behind a reactionary Conservative Government, on a programme of war for the colonies, conscription and rearmament, for the ideological satisfaction of exterminating German Fascists. HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

London, S.W.1.

A NEW PEACE CONFERENCE

SIR,—The National Petition "for a new Peace Conference," which is now being organised in this country with the co-operation of nearly forty national and metropolitan societies, lays particular emphasis upon an initiative by the democratic nations and urges the British Government to seek the assistance of the President of the United States in securing the comprehensive international discussions which the Petition envisages.

Special importance attaches, therefore, to parallel action by the peace movement in the United States, and your readers will be interested to know that two of the largest peace groups in the U.S.A. are already working on closely similar lines. The National Peace Conference, which links together over forty national bodies and all sections of the American peace movement, including the pacifist societies and the League of Nations Association, is shortly to present to the President a manifesto "in support of international conference and conciliation," signed by three thousand leading American citizens. At its annual meeting in October, the National Council for the Prevention of War—the largest individual peace organisation in the United States, with headquarters in Washington and branch offices in California, Oregon, Iowa and Massachusetts—made the calling of "a world-wide disarmament and economic conference" one of the main objectives of its programme for 1938–39. Every effort is being made to co-ordinate these initiatives with the comparable effort through the National Petition in this country.

National Peace Council, GERALD BAILEY,
39 Victoria Street, Directing Secretary
London, S.W.1.

"GENEVA"

SIR,—There are points in Desmond MacCarthy's notice of *Geneva* which seem to me, after seeing the play, to be very unfair to Mr. Shaw.

Mr. MacCarthy seems to think that Shaw is too kind to the Dictators. Yet when I saw the performance the audience just rose to the witty sallies levelled at the Dictator by Shaw, ably assisted by Cecil Trouncer and Walter Hudd. But then that was on a Saturday night, with an audience perhaps less blasé than that on the occasion when Mr. MacCarthy was present.

Shaw handled the case for the Jew deplorably, says Mr. MacCarthy. On the contrary, it was admirably put. The impression made by Donald Eccles was by no means feeble; it was generous. It is incorrect to say that Shaw gives no answer to Battler's remark: "I cannot be everywhere and all my agents are not angels." He gives the Jew a brilliant retort, throwing back on Battler his claim to the Almighty's functions.

Mr. MacCarthy is right, however, in objecting to the Jew being made to rush off at the end to do a financial deal. This point should have been made not against the Jew but against finance in general. If Shaw wanted to make it he should have created a character for the purpose.

Mr. MacCarthy confuses the fantasy of the play with the philosophy. He appears to accept seriously the Judge's condemnation all round. But the real point is surely at the end, in the remark (beautifully spoken by Alexander Knox), "They *came*, those fellows. . . . They came." In the last resort, the hope lies in the arraignment of dictatorship in the court of world opinion—and *feeling*. This the Dictators cannot escape. In the play they certainly did not have the "best of the argument." They had the worst of the satire. C. L. HINTON

29 Moreton End Lane,
Harpenden, Herts.

VIVISECTION

SIR,—As one who may fairly claim to know something about vivisection, I should like to deal briefly, not with Miss Sackville-West's opinions, but with some of her alleged facts expressed in your last issue. My principal quotations below all refer to this article.

1. "The anti-vivisectionist disputes . . . that the permanent alleviation of human suffering matters more, in the long run, than the temporary pain of an animal." I have heard and read hundreds of statements by prominent anti-vivisectionists, and have never met with any such contention. What they do dispute is that human character can hope to benefit "in the long run" from toleration of what, if it were susceptible to Police Court justice, would be punished as shocking cruelty to animals.

2. Vivisection is "a scientific investigation conducted for the highest humanitarian ends." But vivisectors and pro-vivisectionists have repeatedly confessed that this is not so. According to Mr. H. G. Wells, the experimenter "wants knowledge because he wants knowledge; it is his characteristic good." And mere scientific curiosity is not one of the highest humanitarian ends—it may be the end of an utterly heartless fiend.

3. "Lovers of dogs, cats, and horses may be relieved to learn that these animals receive special consideration." They will be less relieved when they go on to discover that dogs and cats (together with monkeys), on account of their convenient size, are the subject of most of the severest experiments.

4. "Close on a million experiments is taken up by nothing more serious than inoculations and hypodermic injections." Your contributor adds: "I have not touched at all on the subsequent effects on the animal thus used for experimental purposes." But that is to evade the whole point as regards estimating the suffering! The actual inoculation or injection may be practically painless: the subsequent production of cancer, tetanus, drug poisoning, etc., has been admitted, by the Government Inspector himself, to cause "great pain."

May I conclude with an opinion of my own? Reading descriptions of experiments in cold print is liable to leave the reader cold. But if it were possible to give the public access to the laboratories, I do not believe that painful vivisection would survive in this country beyond the next session of Parliament.

37 Vincent Square, London, S.W.1 G. H. BOWKER

BANK MANNERS

SIR,—The habit of doffing one's hat when entering a bank is (or was) not peculiar to Leicester.

I remember many years ago going into a country bank in Shropshire with a friend, when an old farmer came in and put his hat on the counter. My friend, who knew him well, said: "That has solved a problem for me, John. I often wondered where you worshipped." T. SAGAR

115, Gravelly Hill North,
Erdington, Birmingham.

SIR,—Critic's friend was right off the mark when he suggested that the doffing of hats in banks was by way of being a gesture of respect to the institution that looked after one's money. In the Lincolnshire town where I spent my boyhood, it was the general practice until well into the nineteen-twenties, and for all I know still may be. There was a much more personal reason for it.

I asked my father Critic's question some time in 1918, when, having allowed me to go to the bank with him, he took off my cap for me; the answer I got was to the effect that I ought to know that one always took off one's hat on going into someone's house. The point was that although the town banks were in the hands of the Big Four, their upper parts were still the managers' homes and they were colloquially known as Mr. So-and-So's bank, even when their staffs were large and Mr. So-and-So a vague figure in the background.

In my father's judgment, at any rate, anyone who remained covered was a boor, ranked about level with the sort of man of whom he once said contemptuously "He's the sort of man who would spend a pound a week on himself."

I suppose people sweated about their overdrafts then just as much as they do now, but as I recall these occasional visits to the bank, the whole business was very friendly and very much more personal than it is now.

Frank Thompson

Kirk Ella Rise, Kirk Ella, East Yorks.

We regret that the winning extract in our "This England" column last week was wrongly attributed to the *News-letter*; it was actually taken from the *Belfast News-letter*.

Miscellany

LAMENT THAT IS NOT FOR FLODDEN

I had a horse
Trustier had no man, gentler, nor more patient;
Ploughed we together the long October furrows
Harvested black buckwheat, carried yellow maize sheaves.
Soldiers now have stolen him, spurs pressed, rough ridden him.
No more shall we labour, nor ever reap our sowing:
But this is small matter—
More was lost at Munich field.

I had a farm
Pigs had, and cattle; geese, and hornèd oxen;
Storm-safe barns, and cornfields; a white house and a straw-rick,
A wife than new hay sweeter, red apple cheeked my children.
My farm is taken from me, confiscate my cattle
Homeless my children, husbandless my wife:
But this is small matter—
More was lost at Munich field.

I had a country
Braver had no man, nobler, more belovèd;
Free was she, contented; rich and well defended
Mighty her fortresses, mightier her sons.
Now lies she broken, mangled, limbless, bleeding
In peace dismembered, for enemies by friends:
But this is small matter—
More was lost at Munich field.

I had a soul
For centuries cherished; a thousand years a growing
In martyrs' hearts deep-rooted, with deathless memories fed
More dear than life or country, phoenix, in fires reborn.
Shamed, trampled, self-extinguished, herself her own destruction
Soul's candle now is quenchèd, cold ashes all her flame:
This is no small matter—
Soul was lost at Munich field.

Anne Fremantle

TWELFTH NIGHT OR WHAT YOU WILL

The alternative title is not often recalled, but it carries a hint for those who revive this play: Shakespeare, it seems, did not know what to call it or how to describe it. It turned out on his hands to have no settled drift; it was itself to take or leave; an informal, amusing, poetical, pensive piece, hurriedly finished, perhaps, for some occasion or other. The opening of it promises a story of excessive romance:

> music be the food of love, play on;
> ve me excess of it, that surfeiting
> The appetite may sicken, and so die.
> That strain again! it had a dying fall.

That famous meditation of the love-sick duke is one of the gentlest of Shakespeare's soliloquies on the theme of passion that delights in its own sadness.

Orsino the morbid, the gentle, the magnificent, keeps his character. When he thinks "Caesario" has betrayed him and stolen the mistress he was sent to woo by proxy, the passion we first heard speaking in the dulcet tones of languor, flashes out:

> Why should I not, had I the heart to do it
> Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
> Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
> That sometimes savours nobly.

Yes, Orsino keeps his character, but hardly his place in the story. By this time he has been relegated to the background by the comedy.

I have little doubt that the original theme of *Twelfth Night* (the Orsino-Olivia-Caesario situation) appealed to Shakespeare as a dramatisation of the situation in *The Sonnets*; the story of one who had loved his friend more than a passionately desired mistress, was betrayed by that friend who stole the woman's love and was at last forgiven, or half-forgiven, by him whom they had, between them, driven "half-frantic mad with ever more unrest." In the kingdom of fancy things could be brought nearer to the heart's desire. That friend could turn out to be a woman after all, and thus capable of healing both heart and body, and closing a rift in the poet's nature deepened by a bitter double jealousy, between idealising friendship—love and sex-passion.

Did the gash still ache too much to allow of such airy treatment? Or (Shakespeare was always obedient to such claims) was comedy, not romance, demanded of him on this occasion? Anyhow the thread of a passionate love-romance runs underground. Other interests from the midnight revel of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Feste onwards are more prominent; Malvolio and the mockery and fun of which he is the pivot become the main theme.

Twelfth Night, as has been noticed, has scenes in it akin to the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (compare Viola and Julia), and to passages in *The Merchant of Venice*, while there is a touch of the Falstaff scenes in *Henry IV* in the revels of Sir Toby and his companions. And here let me mention that though there is a touch of Falstaff in Sir Toby Belch it was a mistake to underline this, for the differences are enormous, by presenting Sir Toby as a hugh fat man in heavy boots and russet cloak, Mr. George Devine struck me as trying to live up too boisterously to his surname. From the point of view of production the important thing to stress is that Sir Toby is an Elizabethan gentleman. He is the uncle, or the cousin, of that great lady, Olivia. He is also a toper, probably penniless, and a sponge; though there is a suggestion about him that he may have done good service once as a soldier. He is horribly bored by the melancholy decorum of his cousin's stately palace, and for relief seeks the cheerful company of her servants. He also has an eye to the main chance. He expects a fine fee as matrimonial agent if he can get his cousin to take Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and if that match does come off he knows he will have a home for life. Now to get the full, and the more subtle, comedy out of Sir Toby and the scenes in which he is prominent, he must be played as a cynical, careless, hearty man of good breeding. I missed this note in Sir Toby at the Phoenix Theatre and I also missed a good few of his lines. Unlike the fool, nearly all Sir Toby's comments are pointful and funny. He should be dressed with a seedy, tarnished richness.

Every notice of M. Saint Denis' production has praised the Ague-cheek of Mr. Redgrave—a tall, giggling, girlish young man, with long, fair hair, who betrays in every gesture and intonation a beaming acceptance of the fact that he is thought a fool. He is rich and happy—what does it matter? Everybody too, has praised Miss Peggy Ashcroft's Viola. When that part was played by a boy the audience had no difficulty in

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seeing "Caesario" as Olivia saw him, but nowadays it is most important that however feminine the actress may be (and Miss Peggy Ashcroft is delightfully feminine), when Viola is passing as "Caesario" her attitudes and gestures should suggest at any rate the other sex. There was a pleasant and gallant boyishness about Miss Ashcroft which helped those scenes, and two moments will dwell in my memory: when she delivered those lovely lines which begin the capture of Olivia's heart.

> And make the babbling gossip of the air
> Cry out Olivia. O, you should not rest
> Between the elements of air and earth,
> But you should pity me!

and when she provoked the famous comment from Olivia, "O; what a deal of scorn looks beautiful In the contempt and anger of his lip!" Miss Ashcroft's face, at that moment, sparkled with a sudden petulance which deserved it. Olivia in her first scenes was admirable, though in the confession of her love and her subsequent, and misaddressed, reproaches to "Caesario" Miss Vera Lindsay showed hardly enough feeling. They are great opportunities for an actress; the last is hard to take advantage of, but not the first. Mr. George Hayes is an excellent Malvolio: his face is the mirror of conceit and that sort of self-absorption which makes men stupid. His severe but empty little eye, his gait (the mincing dignity of a large long-legged bird) delighted me; and his descent in a long night-shirt with a bedroom-candle upon the midnight revellers, his hair and beard in curling-papers was highly comic. But that revel itself was too rampageous and chaotic. It lacked the romance which I remember so well in Mr. Granville Barker's production (1912) when Arthur Whitby was a perfect Sir Toby and Hayden Coffin sang Feste's song so well. It is a musical if also a drunken, laughing revel. And this brings me to a discussion of the importance of the Fool in the play.

There is no play of Shakespeare's in which music is so important. *Twelfth Night* begins with music; it ends with that lovely, cool, meaningless song, "For the rain it raineth every day," which seems to wash away the harshness of the Malvolio-baiting fun we have just been watching, and to remind us that we have been in a country of dreams.

It is thanks to musical interludes that the romance (the heart-ache of love) part of the story and its boisterous fooling, are fused into a whole. Feste is therefore, though seemingly only a minor part, the *clou* which holds *Twelfth Night* together. *Twelfth Night* is one of Shakespeare's plays which show signs of having been written for a definite cast. The stature of Aguecheek and of Maria is indicated, and Mr. Granville Barker thinks that no dramatist would have dared to write such a part as Feste's, had not he had to hand an actor with an exceptionally sweet voice and peculiar talent. Feste is one of the most difficult parts to fill in the whole of Shakespearean drama. He is not an ordinary "fool" or clown. He should be capable of suggesting a kind of heart-breaking silliness, the pathos of a Pierrot and the pathetic anxiety to please of the amiable tolerated parasites in Russian country-house comedy. He is always trying to be funny, it was his way of earning a living.

The evolution of the "Fool" in Elizabethan drama is interesting. At first he was the extraneous channel through which the popular element in the audience received its expected dues of buffoonery and coarseness. Then as the stage came more and more under Court patronage the Fool vanished, but before that he had been absorbed into the play as a character. Feste and the Fool in *Lear* are the most notable examples. The trouble is that Feste's jokes are, most of them, no longer funny. The Elizabethan "wise-crack" is a boring thing. There is nothing to be done but cut as many as possible. M. Saint Denis has tried to make them more tolerable by encouraging Mr. Warren Jenkin's acrobatic agility which is truly remarkable. But it is no use. The jests which compel admiration on the stage leave the auditorium solemn. He has attempted to make the "Sir Topas" scene go by introducing extra clowning. No: the less by-play with which it is played the better. Mr. Jenkin's voice is a very pleasant one. But he should not tickle Sir Andrew's cheek while singing "O Mistress mine." The topers, too, are in their sentimental cups at that moment, while poor Feste is for once released from the obligation of being funny. He bore himself with dignity as a poor drudge-artist should before the Duke, and his sudden flitting had a touch of the pathos I mean. Orsino, by the by, was played by Mr. Michael Redgrave with a due sense of the rich morbidezza of the part. DESMOND MACCARTHY

PICTURES TO BUY

PAINTING is the most delightful of careers. You spend your life looking at things you like, and handling a material you like, hand and brain and imagination are all exercised, and, unlike your writer friends, you can reasonably expect to be doing better work at seventy than at thirty. The only serious objection to this way of earning a living is that a living is, in fact, very rarely earned. Most painters have to be supported by teaching, by commercial work or by their parents; for there are more painters than there are picture-buyers. Perhaps the dealers ought to organise a campaign to make the public "picture-conscious": if you can persuade people that they suffer from night-starvation, and even that they smell, is it impossible to induce the less unflattering belief that they have a taste for art? I am not suggesting strip-cartoons, with Mabel catching her man, or Norman getting a rise in his screw, because they have acquired paintings by Magritte or Moholy-Nagy. But why not a campaign for persuading public bodies to let painters loose on the dreary corridors of County Council buildings, Post Offices, hospitals, schools, etc.? (In the U.S.A. hundreds of painters are now being kept alive and busy by the State.) And simultaneously the bourgeoisie could be told that for ten pounds they can buy a good picture, for thirty shillings a good lithograph. There is still a notion that picture-buying is like racehorse-owning, a pastime reserved for the payers of surtax.

This week I have found several shows to recommend to budding collectors, and I will begin with these. The Storran has a new French painter, young and still little known on either side of the Channel. Mablord looks like being one of the most considerable painters of the hitherto disappointing post-war generation. One can detect in him a variety of influences, from early Titian to late Bérard by way of Cézanne but he is highly personal—after seeing this one show, I feel I should know a Mablord anywhere. He projects an imaginary world, decorated with horses, children with drums, warriors with shields and spears, guitar-players, planturous nudes reclining in landscapes. Here is the romance of the *Concert Champêtre*, of the *Embarquement pour Cythère*, of the *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* translated for our more tragic mood. Decorative and evocative, these pictures have an individual charm that should recommend them to anyone with an eye in his head and ten pounds in his pocket. An uncommonly interesting painter, and one to watch. In the same gallery Miss Susan Palmer shows forty pastels. Compared with Mablord, she seems a touch amateurish, but she is sensitive and never attempts more than she can manage. Her views of Venice and Rome are specially enjoyable, since she has not, as is now too often the fashion, been more interested in herself than in her subject. These little pastels cost mostly between 1½ and 3 guineas, and would make Christmas presents of which one would not get tired. The Mathiesen Gallery is also showing a newcomer, Mr. George Lambourn. He is an astonishingly accomplished painter, who can paint a Derain as well as Derain does. (Look at the Still Life, 14, or the Girl Seated.) His harbour-scenes are as nice in their intervals as Marquet's. Painting usually in sallow colours, with too coarse a texture, Mr. Lambourn achieves his object with a competence that is almost disquieting, but his vision is imaginative. The portraits are particularly successful. This painter will develop into a good artist or else into a best-seller, I fancy—he has skill enough to be either. In the same gallery are paintings by Mr. Lowes Luard, who has a deserved reputation as an *animalier*. His horses in movement are always extraordinarily good, and in this show there are a number of brilliant circus-studies. (Look at *Rope Dancer*, *Tight Rope* and *Acrobats Mending their Net*.) *Hackneys at Olympia* is particularly admirable. Mr. Luard's large pictures seem to me usually less felicitous, because of his handling.

The Leicester Galleries are showing Mr. Oliver Messel, best known for his delightful decors. The paintings here of theatrical subjects show an accomplished taste. He can use pigment very ingeniously, cooking up a very appetising *matière*, and the picture of girls eating ices in the New Forest is as pretty as paint. There are some charming landscapes and still lifes. Unfortunately, Mr. Messel also practises as a painter of fashionable portraits; and it is difficult to see more than millinery in these smooth facile pictures of expensive young gentlemen and youngish ladies. No doubt Mr. Messel wishes to be amiable to his sitters, and fears, perhaps justly, that their taste is a little uneducated. When, however, he does portraits in ink, with touches of oil, in a blue monochrome, the effect is genuinely elegant. I wish Mr. Messel would treat his uncommon gifts more respectfully.

At Wildenstein's Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones shows one very pretty head, some agreeable landscapes, and a masterly copy from Rubens. His pictures are a trifle tepid and monotonous, he seems to have more accomplishment than vision or imagination. But these are honourable paintings of the academic, as opposed to the Royal Academic, order. The Delius Giese Gallery has lively bullfight drawings and dullish Cézannesque paintings by Jan Kurzke. The Mayor, in addition to the miraculous Renoir landscape mentioned here last week, has a monumentally impressive Renoir portrait—a picture for a Public Gallery. Guggenheim Jeune is showing a collection of pictures, dolls, hats, and miscellaneous objects by Mme. Vassilieff, often witty and always agile.

Now I must place a word about the Epstein drawings at Tooth's. "Solely to satisfy a craving of my own," Mr. Epstein explains, "I have made these drawings for *Les Fleurs du Mal* of Baudelaire." Nobody will question his right to satisfy so private a need, but was it necessary to expose the results to the public gaze? Mr. Epstein's virtues have always been vigour and expressiveness, and in his better works these have gone far to compensate for the absence of distinction and sensibility. But Baudelaire is a great classical poet, at once marmoreal and exquisitely fine, the Racine of the Romantic Movement. Illustrations by Flaxman for Defoe, by Marie Laurencin for Whitman, by Kokoschka for Pope, could not be more unsuitable than those Mr. Epstein has made for Baudelaire. And not only are they impertinent, they must also be classed among the emptiest works that he has ever exhibited. He has sought to express revolt, anguish and despair—emotions that the present condition of man must excite in every artist, but compared with Picasso's Guernica drawings, these are hardly more significant than *graffiti*. One does not need to be a Blimp in order to feel that ugliness is not enough. The greater one's devotion to Baudelaire, the less one can enjoy these unlucky illustrations. Upstairs in the same gallery there is a roomful of Paul Nash paintings, most of them not new, but a nice enough sight for one's sore eyes.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE MOVIES

"Entrée des Artistes," at the Curzon
"Room Service," at the Odeon
"That Certain Age," at the Leicester Square.

CHANGE and decay in all around I see: the Marx Brothers flirting dangerously with sanity, Miss Durbin slithering into precocious sex, and the brilliant director of *Gribouille*, Marc Allegret, weakening from *allegretto con grazia* to *moderato marcato*. *Entrée des Artistes* won a prize—but that's not much: there always seems to be an excess of prizes over prize-worthy films. More surprising is the fact that it has had a greater success in Paris than anything since *Pépé le Moko* and *Mayerling*; surprising because, for all its skill and talent, it adds up to almost nothing. The setting is the Paris dramatic Conservatoire, and the scenes which show the activities of that famous institution are admirably done and very interesting to watch. We see the candidates reciting their test pieces for the entrance examination, and we assist at a series of rehearsals in the class of Professor Lambertin, conducted by Louis Jouvet with the gravity and attention to detail of a fine actor in a country which produces and cares for fine acting. Nor does this exhaust the attractions of *Entrée des Artistes*. It introduces to the screen Janine Darcey, a girl with lovely, sensitive features and an intelligent expression—another Danielle come to judgment. She plays the heroine, a girl with a passion for the stage and great talent firmly stifled by the uncle and aunt who keep a laundry in which she works; there is an excellent scene in which M. Lambertin calls on them and sweeps away their bourgeois objections by sheer force of personality. At about this point, though pleasantly entertained, we begin to wonder whether there is going to be a plot. It soon appears, in the shape of a struggle between the girl and a fellow student for the affections of the Conservatoire Don Juan. The theme of the film is that affairs which look like play to outsiders may be deadly serious to the principals: "l'amour n'est pas photogénique." There were possibilities in the contrast between the daily practising of emotions and the unexpected emergence of the emotions themselves, but they are lost in a complicated and melodramatic *dénouement* involving one of those stage deaths that suddenly turn out to be real (as in *Pagliacci*) and a sinister shock-headed rustic who might be Boris Karloff's younger brother. The other two principals were not very distinguished, and towards the end the direction became inconsequent and discontinuous. But the film is preceded by one of the very best of the Julian Huxley Strand Zoo films, called *The Birth of the Year*. I have never seen more delightful photographs of young animals at play: there is a small bear who lies on his back and sucks his toes, and a charming sequence shows the larger animals who live indoors being called in the morning. If you go to the Curzon, do not miss this.

For a few moments it seemed as though all were well with the Marx Brothers. True, they had been harnessed to a successful farce called *Room Service*, but there were grounds for hoping that they would smash the hampering plot to smithereens and turn the film into a true Marxian extravaganza on the congenial theme of life in a grand hotel. But Groucho, after an instant's splendid rudeness, lapsed into servile scheming; Chico fell reluctantly into line; and Harpo left both harps and blondes severely alone. And where was Miss Marguerite Dumont? The sad answer comes that the farce contained no part for her; which only shows the sort of trim, watertight affair it is, a vessel as little suited to the art of the riotous and destructive Brothers as the Normandie to Niagara Falls. Plenty of clean fun is to be had from *Room Service*; but, oh, the hobby-horse is forgot.

That Certain Age is another instalment of what an American critic has called Deanna Durbin's "prolonged alleluia to adolescence." Her trainers and managers have now allowed her her first love-affair, a shy and desperately long-winded crush on a dull reporter (Melvyn Douglas), for whose sake she neglects an almost equally dull little boy (Jackie Cooper). In fact the whole film is dull: the problems of adolescence are only interesting if treated seriously, and this half-humorous, half-sentimental study of schoolgirl *schwärmerei* is a bore. Even Miss Durbin seems duller than before, except when she is scudding adorably about the house or singing—better than ever, I admit, but what stuff! Her performance of the *Roméo* Valse, excepting the poor French and absence of trills, is delightful; but another of her songs begins like this:

> You're as pretty as a picture,
> A beautiful exhibition of art.

Not even Deanna can put that across. PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Rivals," at the Old Vic

The Rivals is being played at the Old Vic with a dashing vivacity that is very nice. The whole thing is, perhaps, on the airy side: the sensibility passages certainly come out best. The romantic exactions of Faulkland and of Lydia Languish make the most palpable comedy, and the Bob Acres of Mr. Alec Guinness is disturbingly fragile and sentient: the suffering clown. This etherealisation of the Sheridan comedy rather dilutes the more vigorous characters. In fact the producer, Miss Esmé Church, gives us a Lydia's-eye view of a Bath day. The fibs, the brutalities and the hard fun are reduced to so many outrages offered to sensibility—which could be outraged by a good deal less. But the mood is deliberate, and is sustained flawlessly: every variation of temper and temperament is marked, with a proper sense of the artificial and a delicious physical naturalness. Without one exception the actors move well: not a gesture lacks point and there are no boring exaggerations or "period" quaintnesses. The sets and dresses, by Mr. Stewart Chaney, are exquisite. In the sets, height and light are the two great elements. Mr. Chaney has taken Bath at one of its best moments, when the city seems to be blown out of semi-opaque glass. To the indoor scenes, great windows admit outdoor façades and perspectives in a sublimation of summer light. The drop scene of the crescent cannot descend too often. The women's dresses are fluid, the men's supple: this is a great escape from the awful brocade tradition. The colours are print-colours—lemon, white, turquoise, vermillion, puce. A joy to the eye. It is a pity *The Rivals* is only to run for a fortnight: it should not be missed. Miss Ellen Compton flakes off from her Mrs. Malaprop conventions that had deadened that character. Mr. Andrew Cruikshank's Sir Lucius O'Trigger combines bravura with dignity. The servants' parts are all played with a genuine (not a Hammersmith) period sense. Miss Hermione Hannen's Lydia is a delicious portrait of the sensationalist: her deportment is faultless; she keeps her head of curls beautifully still and balanced and expresses everything with her arms. She has no tricks . . . This *Rivals* at the Old Vic may be over-delicate, but there is not a line of the wit blurred.

"Night Arrival," at the London International Theatre

Night Arrival (which is translated from the German of Hans Rothe) has the advantage of a famous and highly dramatic plot. The setting is Paris of the Second Empire during its great Exhibition, with a mother and daughter arriving late one evening from South America and being forced to put up at different hotels. During the night the mother dies of plague, and to prevent panic the rather totalitarian police of the third Napoleon smuggle the body away, suborn the few hotel employees who saw her arrival, and blandly inform the daughter that she came alone and is suffering from delusions. The author introduces a romantic interest by making the girl fall in love with the handsome young doctor who instigated the deceit, and, with the aid of twelve scenes and over fifty characters, tries to make a play from what should have been made a film or novel. For, unfortunately, *Night Arrival* is a very bad play. The characters, as numerous and unindividual as protozoa, are alive only in occasional caricature, and voice the sentiments of a school-story in the vocabulary of Jane Austen. It is difficult to assess the acting, as the cast had apparently been instructed to adopt the dramatic technique of the period they represent, and clasp hands, clutch brows and reel back stricken to such an extent that it is almost impossible to judge their real talent. Mr. Robert Douglas as the handsome doctor and Miss Margaret Vines as the unhappy daughter were appropriately masterful and pathetic, and Mr. David Powell gave a brilliant thumbnail sketch of ingenious idiocy. Mr. Wilfred Fletcher gets best marks for the evening, perhaps because his part required the extravagance the producer seems to have demanded. But, as a whole, the play is a great disappointment; so few good plots come to the West End that the waste of one seems worse than its non-arrival.

"London Ballet," at the Toynbee Hall Theatre

The new Toynbee Hall theatre is a great acquisition to the Universities Settlement in East London. It has a charming interior, comfortable seating for about four to five hundred persons without a gallery, and a well-equipped stage. Last Monday evening Mr. Antony Tudor's "London Ballet" gave its first performance there and the theatre proved admirably efficient. Four short ballets were given of which three are familiar to all frequenters of the Ballet Club but there was a *première* of *Gala Performance,* a new ballet in two scenes by Antony Tudor to music by Prokofiev with decor by Hugh Stevenson. The music was played on two pianofortes with more than average skill and taste by Hans Gellhorn and Dorothy Moggridge. The dancing of the *corps de ballet* was not up to this technical standard but Miss Maude Lloyd as the goddess of the dance stood out and gave an example of good style and technique. On January 29th the Toynbee Hall Opera Club will present Gluck's *Orpheus* at the theatre with Hans Gellhorn as conductor and J. L. Hodgkinson as producer. To succeed in this will be a real achievement and a witness to the cultural progress of the work at Toynbee Hall.

The Story of an African Farm, at the New

The alleged attraction between moth and candle is a very casual flirtation compared to the overpowering spell a successful novel exercises on the theatre. Let a story give the least promise of becoming a classic and, however unsuitable be subject theme or treatment, the stage will present its ghostly caricature. Of course this also happens in the other direction, but the Book of the Play is usually priced sixpence and stacked behind the dingier Christmas cards. Olive Schreiner's famous novel does not repay stage presentation. Mr. Merton Hodge, the adapter, has tried to avoid constant shifting of scene by a return to the monumental trickery of pre-war melodrama, and delights his astonished audience with a full-size, two-storey cross-section of the whole farm, through which the characters can move at will without overworking the scene-shifters. But even architecture cannot fit a novel to another medium, and the doings and ideals of Miss Schreiner's Afrikaans farmers remain obstinately and nostalgically literary. The acting, however, is excellent. Miss Curigwen Lewis is affecting and effective as the aspiring daughter, Miss Maru Clare is alarming as the terrible Tant Sannie, and Miss Alexis France is pathetically attractive as the simple Em. Mr. Aubrey Dexter is outstanding even in this company, and presents a slimy, hypocritical, poisonously malicious Blenkins, whose alternating contortions of sadism and masochism are at once ridiculous and terrifying. His Blenkins, in fact, is so much better than the original that it almost justifies the whole unhappy adaptation.

THE COMING WEEK

Saturday, December 10th—
Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, 11.
Conference: "Religious Freedom in Germany," Clemance Hall, Elmington Road, S.E.5, 3.15–9.
"The Christmas Oratorio," Queens Hall, 8.

Sunday, December 11th—
M. J. Bonn: "The Problems of Appeasement," Conway Hall, 11.
Allan Flanders: "Liberty's Worst Enemy at Work," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
Stage Society: "Paradise Lost," by Clifford Odets, Wyndhams, 8.30.
London Theatre Concert, Cambridge Theatre, 8.30.

Monday, December 12th—
Anthony Blunt: "El Greco," Spanish Art Gallery, 6 Chesterfield Gardens, 6. Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.*
Plato Chan will be painting at Cooling Galleries, 3-6. And on Wednesday and Friday.
Public Meeting: "What Can We Do Against the Hitler Terror?" 24 New Oxford Street, 8.
Public Meeting to urge further investigation and action concerning Forced Marriages of African Girls, Caxton Hall, 8.
Griller String Quartet, in aid of Spanish Relief, 153 Finchley Road, 8.15. Tickets: Mrs. Bacharach, 26 Willow Road, N.W.3.

Tuesday, December 13th—
W. S. Behrendsohn: "Germany and Europe," Friends House, 1.20.
Henry Carter: "Constructive Peace-making," Dick Sheppard Centre, 8.
"The Great Waltz," His Majesty's.

Wednesday, December 14th—
Lord Horder: "The Life and Death of Art," Conway Hall, 8.
Air-Comm. L. E. O. Charlton: "Japan and Her Neighbours," Herne Hill Congregational Church, 8.
Liberal Ball, Hyde Park Hotel, 9.30. Tickets from Liberal Social Council.

Thursday, December 15th—
Annual Exhibition of the Royal College of Art Students' Group, Imperial Institute. Till December 23rd.
Pianoforte Recital by Joseph Weingarten, in aid of Food for Spanish Children, Conway Hall, 8.15. Tickets from 37 Gainsborough Gardens, N.W.11.
Stage Society Discussion: "Paradise Lost," 66 Portland Place, 8.30.

Friday, December 16th—
Civil Liberties Dance, New Burlington Galleries, 8.30. Tickets from 320 Regent Street.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

At 2 a.m. the battalion arrived at Valenciennes and detrained just outside the station. It had been in Valenciennes before, having marched through, three days after Waterloo.

THE civilian reader of military history often has occasion to smile at such remarks, made with such pride, and as the result of so much research, but which appear to have so little meaning. For what is the identity of a group made up of continually changing individuals who are not connected by blood? Can it be believed that a battalion has any existence apart from the individuals in it, and how does it preserve its character or individuality or anything at all apart from the mere label of its number and its name, after ninety-nine years? These questions are not unkindly meant, since the strange and moving volume from which the quotation is made, *The War the Infantry Knew* (P. S. King, 21*s.*) supplies a partial answer. A school, or a college at a University, has something permanent, or slowly changing, about it, besides its buildings, and a battalion of Welch Fusiliers has something besides its buttons, its colours, the " flash " and the mascot goat—trifles which become enormously important since they are the only tangible proofs of a continuity in which its members believe and by which they set so much store—since all else is fleeting. The long sub-title of this book explains its nature: *A Chronicle of Service in France and Belgium with the Second Battalion, His Majesty's Twenty-third Foot, the Royal Welch Fusiliers: founded on personal records, recollections, and reflections assembled, edited, and partly written by one of their Medical Officers.* The " M.O." in question had no conscious desire to make literary experiments, or to explore the possibilities of " unanamist " collaboration, yet he has achieved something which is almost unique in literature. He has patched together the detailed story of four years of war from the records of so many different men (sixty-seven in all) that each of them becomes only important as the spokesman of the rest. Even when we reach the end of the extremely exciting Chapter 12, which is written entirely by Captain S. L. Sassoon, there is no feeling that anticlimax will follow the stretcher on which he is borne away. It is only the battalion which matters, not the narrators of the moment. It changes rapidly, suffering the most terrible casualties; the war itself alters in character, but something goes on which makes the battalion an entity, of which this book is an accurate expression.

* * *

From Valenciennes on August 23rd, 1914, the battalion was occupied for some weeks in the great retreat which preceded the battle of the Marne, and came very well out of it. That famous figure, Lt.-General Hunter-Weston, pops in and out of the confused memories of the period, on the pillion-seat of a motor cycle, and dramatically disappears during the advance which followed:

> We had not the faintest idea where we were, for we were without maps. About four o'clock a gorgeous General Officer, he of the flapper's perch, burst on our vision. He asked who we were. On my respectfully informing him, he waved his stick and, pointing downhill, exclaimed in the theatrical manner which later made him so celebrated, " Follow me." He then strode off so rapidly that before one platoon had fallen in, he had disappeared—for two years as far as I was concerned.

The " race to the sea " followed the battle of the Marne. The exhausted troops dug themselves in, and a long period of inaction followed. The fraternisation on Christmas Day, initiated by the Germans, went to the lengths of exchanging barrels of beer for plum pudding, and to discussions between English and German officers in the middle of No-man's-land. Slowly the battalion settled down to trench warfare:

> At lunch when a shell landed . . . we all stopped feeding and then went on again. The Quail said: " How like rabbits we get in these burrows, munching until we hear a noise and then stopping, and then, after a pause, munching again."

The spirit of men and officers was extraordinary, and during ordinary trench warfare the casualties were surprisingly slight. Unfortunately, an ingenious Staff was always planning attacks which resulted in heavy casualties without any corresponding gains. In September, 1915, an attack was planned to follow the use of gas. The gas drifted along the British line and was blown back into the trenches, which were soon packed with wounded, dying and dead men. In the subsequent effort " Half of B Company fell in 30 yards." Captain H. Blair gives an account of the forlorn attack, but was soon " out of the picture " with a fractured pelvis. The following June (1916) the Germans exploded the largest mine they ever made on the Western Front. Blair was blown up, but survived.

> I woke to find myself buried up to the neck and quite unable to move hand or foot. Several men passed within a few feet of me . . . I was too dazed to appreciate the language was German.

Day began to dawn. Blair realised that he was in an exposed position, and he freed his right arm and dug out a few handfuls of earth to screen him from the Germans. He and Morris, a wounded man with a fractured thigh wedged against him, were dug out by a rescue party the following night. It took two hours and three-quarters to get them out, in the dark, from the tangle of earth, barbed wire, and iron stakes. The following summer the battalion was used against places the names of which recall to one's mind Robert Graves's poems in *Over the Brazier*: which combine the flavours of childhood and of hell: of the nursery and of Mametz Wood. Unfortunately, Robert Graves, who was transferred to the first battalion, has not contributed, and he makes only occasional appearances, vanishing altogether after a delightful letter on the occasion of his reported death to the C.O.

* * *

The ghastly mess made of the offensives was due partly to the remoteness of Brigade Headquarters, two miles in the rear, during the fighting in High Wood, with the result that:

> The cost in all the lower ranks of preserving some Generals of Brigade and Division, and some members of their Staffs, is beyond reckoning, but it must be stupendous.

Yet it was precisely these lives which the British Army could best have afforded to sacrifice, in the hopes of something better. As the months go by and the writers grow in experience, their comments on the Staff become increasingly bitter:

> Anyhow, the senseless scheme of an attack in a thicket after dark by tyros was a washout from the start; the men didn't follow their officers out of the trench.

It was impossible for the officers who actually fought and led their men to influence the " elevated cultivated Dukes of Plazo-Toro," who led their armies from behind and produced co-ordinates synchronising the capture of a trench with its bombardment. In February, 1917, everything was mud:

> The one pair of gum boots in the front-line was passed by the officer on duty to his relief. Dry socks had come up, but the men could not change into them; in dumb wretchedness they stood in six to twelve inches of ice-cold fluid. . . . We learned on the telephone there was no release yet from the caprice of the abstract tactician who from far-away disposes of us: someone playing fantastic tricks with reality had substituted 30 seconds shooting by two unregistered trench mortars for the impotent batteries of guns.

The crying necessity was to cashier the higher ranks and replace them with officers who had experience of trench warfare. Instead of which, the generals enthusiastically chased subalterns whose collars were not the correct shade, and publicly insulted colonels on the march for not dismounting before saluting. Yet slowly the superiority of munitions told, and as the Germans broke down, the record of the autumn of 1918 becomes tremendously exciting.

The War the Infantry Knew is a quite unique record of the Great War, and one of tremendous importance to-day. War is coming on us soon and it is essential that the mistake of forming vast armies to have them slaughtered uselessly should not be repeated. Yet the forces making for such a repetition are immense. Some of them are explained in *War and Peace*, Part 10, in the chapters dealing with Borodino. When war is declared masses of Englishmen will want to sacrifice their lives in it, and the professional soldiers are always professionally competent to see that they do. DAVID GARNETT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

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CONTENTS

THE LONG RUN. By E. M. Forster . . . . Page 971

REVIEWS :

We English Again. By Cyril Connolly 972
A Touch of Imagination. By K. John . . . 974
The Girls of Britain. By Arthur Marshall . . . 976
Art and Artifice for Nursery Readers. By G. Bell . . 980
The Serious Side. By Raymond Alderson . . . 980
Torture and Death. By J. Betjeman 982
Christmas Merriment. By Frederick Laws . . . 986
It's in the Bag. By H. E. Bates 988
Feminine Murders. By Ralph Partridge . . . 992
Success. By Flora Grierson 995
Dance and Drama in Bali 996
A French Composer. By Edward Sackville West . 998
Forms of Modern Optimism. By C. E. M. Joad . 998
Architectural Deportment. By John Piper . . . 1000
Journalists Abroad. By Richard Church . . . 1002

THE LONG RUN

DYING for a cause in which he believed, the late Christopher St. John Sprigg would not desire to be reviewed with any posthumous tenderness. These essays* (published under the pseudonym of Christopher Caudwell) were written by him shortly before he was killed in Spain, they hit hard, and no one who reads them will feel that a Communist makes a comfortable neighbour. They are never abusive, and are often cogent and brilliant, but they are always fanatical. They riddle the bourgeois' arguments and would like to riddle his body, for Caudwell believed that everyone who has not joined the Third International is wrong and must be doing wrong, and is consequently better out of the way. He had faith; and, as has often been pointed out, these modern political creeds have borrowed the passion and the ruthlessness which have hitherto been confined to religion. Regarded as propaganda, the book is surely a mistake. A wise and persuasive writer like Mr. John Strachey may well make converts to his cause, and so may a warm-hearted, matey writer of the type of Mr. Jack Common. But Christopher Caudwell is what has been called in Bolshevik diplomatic circles "an error in exportation." He ought not to be read outside the fold. He will only cause unbelievers to clutch at their pocket-books and thank their God that Mr. Chamberlain and Herr Hitler excluded the Reds from Munich.

Some of us think that our pocket-books will be lost in any case, indeed, that everything is now lost except personal affection, the variety of human conduct, and the importance of truth. If we feel like this, we can read Caudwell with pleasure. We are bound to read him with admiration, for he is a sincere man and an able critic.

In the first part of the book he is concerned with some of his erring seniors—Shaw, the two Lawrences, Wells, Freud. He points out, quite rightly, that they all of them feel uneasy; whether they are scientific, amusing, poetical or practical, they are worried, and whether they confess or conceal their worry, their plight persists. He ascribes their uneasiness to their refusal to recognise the trend of the society into which they have been born—that trend being, of course, towards Communism. Bernard Shaw, though more satisfactory than his fellow thinkers because he has read Marx, clings to the bourgeois illusion, that man is naturally free; he will not accept man's dependence upon society, he remains "a brilliant medicine man, theorising about life," and rejecting the discoveries of science when they get in his way. T. E. Lawrence freed the Arabs, it is true, but freed them for what? to participate in the diseased French or British political systems; half-aware of the infection he had communicated, Lawrence escaped in remorse into the ranks of the army, where he found "a kind of Arabian desert in the heart of the vulgar luxury of bourgeoisdom, a stunted version of his ideal, barren of fulfilment, but at least free from dishonour." D. H. Lawrence and H. G. Wells are also crippled, one of them because he cannot do without class or the dark past, the other because he cannot do without cash. They are all "pathetic" figures, pathetic being an expression of contempt; Caudwell gives them a little genuine sympathy and much platform-pity, and dismisses them as failures.

He handles his case so well that he leaves us feeling that there is nothing else to say. But there is something. All intelligent and sensitive people to-day are worried—there's no question about that and Caudwell may account for their worry correctly. But have not these worried people sometimes written readable books? And may not the malaise, the lack of adjustment, be the speck of grit which causes the oyster to secrete the pearl? His answer to this would be that in the Classless State we shall have no specks of grit, and that if maladjustment causes art, art must go; a valid answer from his standpoint, but he has not faced the fact that books do give pleasure; he has not discussed art at all, and he is prohibited from discussing it, although he possesses plenty of aesthetic reactions. He dare discuss nothing except opinions. For him, a book is only good if it stands in a sound social relation to its age, and consequently no book can be good to-day unless it is communist. *Kipps*, *The Plumed Serpent*, *The Seven Pillars* need rewriting, and what matter if, when rewritten, they are unreadable? Literature has nothing to do with enjoyment.

Through all these essays, and linking them together, runs the idea of Liberty. Liberty is a leaky word, and it is surprising that Communists should venture on board of it. Fascists prudently keep away; they have promulgated that the individual must be enslaved to the state, and thus they avoid many difficulties, both practical and argumentative. But Communism is less sound than Fascism because it is more human; it does care about ultimate happiness, its final aims are thoroughly decent, and so it gets entangled in some of the difficulties which it diagnoses in democracy. Liberty is the most tiresome of these. So long as Caudwell attacks the bourgeois conception of liberty, he goes on gaily enough. It is in the first place indefinable. In the second place, although some people are comparatively free they cannot if they are decent enjoy their freedom while their less fortunate brethren are suffering. Both these points are incontestable, and Caudwell goes on to argue that the more the "free" assert their "freedom" the more will they enslave the unfortunate: "bourgeoisdom crucifies liberty upon a cross of gold, and if you ask in whose name it does this replies, 'In the name of personal freedom.'" Our great mistake, he says, is the mistake of Rousseau: the belief that freedom is an escape *from* society instead of something which must be realised *through* society.

Something? Well, what thing? We now look for the positive, the communist, definition of freedom, and Mr. Strachey in his introduction promises us that we are going to get it. "One can only find salvation for oneself by finding it for all others at the same time," says Caudwell—sound mysticism, but is it sound dialectic materialism, too? "Somehow," says Mr. Strachey (observe the semi-mystical 'somehow') "we must make men understand that they can find liberty not in the jungle, which is the most miserably coercive place in the world, but in the highest possible degree of social co-operation." The first step towards this has to be the dictatorship of the proletariat. The dictatorship must presumably work through a bureaucracy, as it does in Russia, but the bureaucracy will not establish itself as a bourgeoisie—oh no! In some unexplained way the dictatorship will one day "wither," and Karl Marx will turn into Father Christmas, and present humanity with the Classless State. This idealism and warmheartedness is the inspiring force in Communism, the quality that distinguishes it from Fascism eternally. But what has happened to its logic? Just as we reach the summit of the exposition, and, our bourgeois illusions demolished, are expecting a positive goal, the exposition collapses. This collapse occurs in all religions—first the careful reasoning, the analysis of existing ills, and then the desperate jump to glory. Communism, like Christianity, jumps. And the shock is the bigger because of its previous aridity, its harsh technical arguments, economic and psychological, its contempt for all that is pleasant, wayward and soft. On we move, through the dictatorship of the proletariat to the full consciousness of the causality of society—and then we get a surprise-stocking. We open it: to discover that liberty means doing what is best for everybody else.

Talking with Communists makes me realise the weakness of my own position and the badness of the twentieth century society in which I live. I contribute to the badness without wanting to. My investments increase the general misery, and so may my charities. And I realise, too, that many Communists are finer people than myself—they are braver and less selfish, and some of them have gone into danger although they were cowards, which seems to me finest of all. Yet, if I contribute to the badness of contemporary society so do they; Caudwell's book, like my review of it, is printed upon bourgeois-produced paper by bourgeois printers, and profits the economic system which he condemns. And though they may be better individuals than I, they are none the less individuals; they emphasise the very category against which they protest. And as for their argument for revolution—the argument that we must do evil now so that good may come in the long run—it seems to me to have nothing in it. Not because I am too nice to do evil, but because I don't believe the Communists know what leads to what. They say they know because they are becoming conscious of "the causality of society." I say they don't know, and my counsel for 1938–9 conduct is rather: Do good, and possibly good may come from it. Be soft even if you stand to get squashed. Beware of the long run. Seek understanding dispassionately, and not in accordance with a theory. Counsels of despair, no doubt. But there is nothing disgraceful in despair. In 1938–9 the more despair a man can take on board without sinking the more completely is he alive.

---

* "Studies in a Dying Culture." By Christopher Caudwell. *Lane.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

E. M. FORSTER

WE ENGLISH AGAIN

The English Genius. Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Mysterious Mr. Bull. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Hale.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

With Malice Toward Some. By MARGARET HALSEY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Here are three more books about England, of which the first is the most pretentious. "In the contributions which make up this book, the qualities which have reconciled the rest of the world to our existence and at the present time attract the saner nations within our orbit are illustrated and explained." What saner nations have we lately attracted within our orbit? Spain, China, Abyssinia, Russia, Czechoslovakia, U.S.A—the list would be too long to mention—but those who enjoy an overpowering whiff of stale smug national complacency will find it in this volume. "A rapid survey of modern politics will convince anyone except a Fascist or a Communist that we are the most civilised people in the world, the reason being that we are the most humorous people in the world," or, "During the World War this same spirit may be seen in our unconscious, almost instinctive contempt for both the enemy and our allies. It led us into many difficulties; because of it we lost more than one engagement, and beyond a doubt it added thousands in killed and wounded to our casualties. Yet without it we should have ceased to be English, and, had such a calamity been possible, in my opinion the Germans would have won the war." "Christianity," according to Dean Inge, "is stronger in Great Britain than in any other European country." This book also suffers from lack of a clear plan in the editing. Thus some contributors write a historical sketch of the subject they are allotted, and others turn out the usual prize essay, full of quotations and conceits. Two are good, Mr. Woodruff and Mr. Earp. Mr. Woodruff gives a lucid analysis of Public Life which, although one may disagree with it, reveals a mind, and Mr. Earp's article on English painting is a summary that for concision and feeling could not be bettered. Miss Rebecca West has some intelligent things to say about snobbery, and Miss Macaulay about moral indignation, while Sir Charles Petrie laments the absence of men of letters at the court of George VI (who "went into bat on a very sticky wicket but has played himself in magnificently") and Mr. Belloc bewails the disappearance of beauty from modern verse.

It is a relief to turn to the criticism of Lewis, which is both adult and impartial. "The English word 'humour' is used to describe the operations of a quietist philosophy." "A sort of blight of mildness and inoffensiveness seems to lie upon our manners, and their expression in our literature, in our picture galleries, and upon our stages. All realities are hushed up and hustled out of sight." He sees the importance of climate, and the evasions lurking behind English "style" as much as the patient fatalism of the underdog behind English humour. His book is, however, redundant and loose, and the jocose armchair journalese of his later manner is most irritating. Why bother to write a sentence like this?

> One of the most mysterious things about the Englishman, is to put it shortly, Shakespeare. He really is stumbling-block number one. Not the foreigner alone, but many Englishmen, have been baffled, even dismayed, by the Swan of Avon.

With Malice Towards Some is an account by the wife of an American professor who spent a year at Exeter of what she found there. I gather the book has been "gutted" for the English edition and her malice is mild enough. She writes with the strained facetious liveliness of many American women, with more metaphors than statements on each page, and a flavour of the New Yorker at its worst. She is both acute and witty, but one reads her with a growing sense of strain, and she seems to have extracted nothing out of England but a best-seller and an inferiority complex. She should have been told that the people among whom she lived, Cathedral Society, and retired soldiers and spinsters, have been almost satirised out of existence, and are no more typical of England than a decayed family in the Faulkner belt is of America. Her wounded brightness becomes depressing.

Meanwhile, what is England like? Both Lewis and Miss Halsey agree that the climate is very odd indeed, they are struck by the rain and the damp and the green, especially in Southern England, "the sleekest landscape in the world," which is the dominating corner. It is Cabbage Land:

> Oh the cabbages of England leave me cold
> Even though they grow on genuine English mould,
> With their caterpillars, and the care with which they fold
> Nothingness, pale nothingness in their hearts.

Mr. Belloc suggests that we get our love of rhyme and lilt from the south-west wind, but we get much more, for it is our national shock-absorber; and our dislike of violence, our fear of the truth, our sentimentality, lyricism, spirit of compromise and that gelded quality which has angered so many critics, are all derived from the wet, warm prevailing Atlantic embrace that dictates our Southern climate, a climate which, according to Lewis, turns all our seasons into one, so that every day has elements of both winter and summer. Besides the climate, the other important fact is the division into classes, on the one hand a ruling class of city magnates, politicians, civil servants and professional men, on the other a huge proletariat. The ruling class is one of the ablest and most conservative the world has known, the proletariat one of the meekest and stupidest. According to Lewis it is "immense and helpless, at once sentimental and frivolous, hard and maudlin, moralist to the core but without religion, 'sport-loving' without much chance however of indulging in sport themselves: politically so childish as to cause deep surprise to all outsiders who come in contact with them, fed upon political fairy tales; the least mature, at once the most moralistic and the most frivolous mass-man in Europe."

They read the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Mirror*. Strube's Little Man is their mouthpiece, and the advertisements written for them achieve "low-levels of a sort of spiritless fatuity." These people are not politically free since, in a crisis (and every general election in future will be on a crisis) they do not care to elect rulers from whom they are not accustomed to take orders, nor is the choice of candidate by party caucus always evidence of their freedom. On the other hand, they are quickly being educated, and the more they read and think, or the more they improve in physique, the more they will be ready to act, so that they must in the long run come to govern the country. Already, as at Bridgwater, they show a mind of their own which upsets Lewis's conception of them. And, as Lewis points out, the Left Wing are now the patriotic party in this country, as in France and Spain, while the Right are international, the servants of finance and class. In fact with every year that the Right increases the gulf between its interests and those of the proletariat, the proletariat grows more capable of taking care of itself, they are only waiting for leaders, and if they cannot create them they must borrow them. The crisis revealed that there was an amount of spiritual and moral unemployment in all classes, that we live in a democracy in which there may be jobs and money for the few, but idealism for none at all. The result was that when, for two or three hours in the last twenty years, their King and country needed them, the joy of most people was boundless; for the majority of Englishmen lead lonely lives performing tasks in which they find small dignity, conscious that they have been carefully trained in youth by organisations that seem to have lost all interest in their future careers. Only a brotherhood of positive democracy can oppose the fatherhood of the Totalitarian

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State; unless there are enough brothers for the one there will be no alternative but the other; and for this reason everything which happens in England in the next few years will be of surpassing interest. The United States is a robust democracy, England is not, it is a grey little fey little island from which the air is slowly being pumped out, and in which breathing will become difficult unless equality of opportunity and fraternity of outlook be added to the liberty of opinion which those of us who have a little money can still afford. Cyril Connolly

A TOUCH OF IMAGINATION

More About Worzel Gummidge. By Barbara Euphan Todd. *Burns Oates.* 3s. 6d.
Black, White and Caroline. By Susan Ertz. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 5s.
Golden Island. By Eden Phillpotts. *Michael Joseph.* 6s.
The Lost Queen of Egypt. By Lucile Morrison. *Secker and Warburg.* 7s. 6d.
Melissa Ann: A Little Girl of the Eighteen Twenties. By Ethel Parton. *Frederick Muller.* 5s.
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The Compass Points North. By M. E. Atkinson. *Lane* 7s. 6d.
Children by the Sea. By Ruth Manning-Sanders. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Escape to Persia. By Katharine Hull and Pamela Whitlock. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
The Circus is Coming. By Noel Streatfeild. *Dent.* 6s.
The Trumpet and the Swan. By Marjorie Bowen. *Pitman.* 3s. 6d.
Light Over Lundy. By S. P. B. Mais. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.
The Indian Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. *Cape.* 3s. 6d.
Mustard, Pepper and Salt. By Alison Uttley. *Faber.* 5s.
One Foot in Fairyland. By Eleanor Farjeon. *Michael Joseph.* 7s. 6d.
Sing for Your Supper. By Eleanor Farjeon. *Michael Joseph.* 6s.

Nowadays the book-presenting parent or guardian has a remarkably easy time. Christmas never comes without a stack of brand-new publications, almost all competent, well got up, and certain to please; he can pick one with his eyes shut, and the chances are that it will do very well. But that is just the reviewer's trouble. Hardly any of these sure favourites stand out from the ruck; which of the dozens is he to write about, and how can he avoid dismissing nine-tenths of them in the words of Admiral Croft—" All very nice books, I hardly know one from another "? Though output and quality have gone up, a child's story with an idea in it, with imagination, is as rare as it always was and always will be.

But why repine? One in a twelvemonth is a good average; and there was one last year, and the year before, and now we have a third from the same pen. I mean the further exploits of that egregious and horrid character, Worzel Gummidge. Gummidge and his fellow-scarecrows are too well known to require advertisement. This time John and Susan actually spend the night with them (in an old chalk-pit—they have moved out of the caravan): a wonderful climax to what has been, even for Gummidge, an epic day. The scarecrow's manners are as bad, and his habits as revolting as ever, and he mixes in village life with his accustomed recklessness and immunity. May he long continue to be a nuisance to all around him, and finally join Pinocchio among the immortals.

None of the other books has this thread of inspiration, but two or three are rather out of the way. *Black, White and Caroline* is a facetious fairy-tale. A couple of witches, black and white, gatecrash a household in temporary charge of the governess, surround it with a magic wall, and appear likely to stay for ever. Anyone can see the novelist in this little joke. Mesdames Black and White are simply the undesired and irremovable guests *par excellence*; they do a trick now and then, but the effete good-nature of Mrs. White and the impossible rudeness of Mrs. Black are much better value than their activities.

You don't often come across a satire for children. Now Mr. Eden Phillpotts has produced one, and very entertaining it will be to any child who can understand it. John and Sarah are elected King and Queen of an island inhabited solely by birds and beasts, and consisting largely of golden mountains. There is nothing red in tooth and claw about this island: nothing but vegetarianism, amity, and a settled low content. John makes a valiant effort to " civilise " it. His remarks on the currency and other blessings are highly precocious in a boy of twelve, and I am afraid still more precocity will be needed to see the humour of them. Yet there is a great deal of the simplest fun, and it seems a shame that anything so witty, genial and well-written should lack an audience. Perhaps a bright child will enjoy coping with it.

The two quietest books on the list are American, and I liked them both extremely. *The Lost Queen of Egypt* looks rather formidable. And so it is in a way. It is long and serious and deliberate and full of detail, and it abounds in proper names of great length and repellent strangeness. The heroine is Ankhsenpaaten, daughter of Akhenaten and wife of Tutankhaten—Tutankhamen after his succession to the throne. Ankhsenpaaten also changes her name. So you have some idea of the obstacles; *The Lost Queen* must be given only to readers who are bookish and not too young. But it gets hold of one in the end; it has a touching effect of sincerity and mild pathos. Children who like it at all should be fascinated, even to the point of consulting the bibliography.

Melissa Ann would have surprised no one if it had come out fifty years ago—and would then have been deservedly popular. It is good value—a nice long book. Though gentle, it is far from dull. The setting is attractively period, and the heroine is the most natural and the nicest of little girls. But she is a well brought-up little girl; her trials and pleasures are all domestic, and the tone is in keeping. Don't waste this really charming survival on those who like their fiction high-powered.

Then we have a whole batch of the regulation boy-and-girl type—in fact, the norm. For neatness, sureness of touch, economy of effort, John and Mary leave the rest standing. They always do. Their exploits are never unlikely, and always adequate. They are as good at home as abroad. And they can be picked up anywhere in the series, it makes no difference. *The Compass Points North* is twice as active and a little older, but rather slow off the mark; still it will go down all right. The occasion is a

If travel books interest you, then either *Lhasa: the Holy City*, by F. Spencer Chapman, or *Southern Lights*, by John Rymill, both superbly illustrated, should be seen in your bookshop.

On world affairs there is Laura Riding's *The World and Ourselves*, & George Martelli's Mediterranean book, *Whose Sea?* In biography Enid McLeod's *Héloïse* is winning praise, and in criticism *Some Studies in the Modern Novel*, by D. M. Hoare, is as important as it is pleasing.

In fiction, this season has been notable for Céline's devastating *Death on the Instalment Plan*, for Sylvia Townsend Warner's *After the Death of Don Juan*, for Salman Schneour's *Noah Pandre's Village*, and Susan Goodyear's *Such Harmony*.

All these books are published by Chatto and Windus, 40/42 William IV Street, London, W.C.2.

*

Over 2,000

of the decorative Zodiac Books, at a Shilling apiece, were sold at the Book Fair alone. There are 7 new titles.

MACMILLAN

We have a number of books in our Autumn List to which we should like to direct your particular attention, dear reader.

First we must put the GREVILLE MEMOIRS, edited by Lytton Strachey and Roger Fulford, and issued in a limited edition at the price of 15 guineas for the eight volumes. This is the first time that the Memoirs have been printed in full. The *Observer* declares that "In form and type this is one of the most beautiful productions of our time."

The next book is also a very fine piece of book production. DAYS IN OLD SPAIN, by Gertrude Bone, has been illustrated by Muirhead Bone with sixteen full-page collotype plates, and over fifty other drawings specially designed for this edition. Hugh Walpole writing in the *Manchester Guardian,* says: "This is a book to read very slowly, for its sentences are rich with beauty and wisdom." 12s. 6d.

The Treaty of BREST-LITOVSK was signed in March, 1918, but as John W. Wheeler-Bennett points out, the attitude of Germany to Russia is very much the same to-day as it was in 1918. The *Manchester Guardian* says, "All who wish to understand the spirit of Germany and the complex problems of the relations of Germany and Russia must give great attention to the history of that Peace." Illustrated, 21s.

We have just completed the publication of a great undertaking, the Letters of MOZART in three volumes, translated and edited by Emily Anderson. This handsome trio contains, as *Time and Tide* says, "An engrossing human document." Each volume 18s.

And now TRIO. The authors are Osbert, Edith and Sacheverell Sitwell, and their book is a series of brilliant dissertations on the English character. Their comments on the English novel, modern poetry, George Cruikshank, and other subjects are witty; and as the *Scotsman* says in its review, the book has "Delightful discursiveness, pleasant persiflage, and bold and often very original assertions." Illustrated. 7s. 6d.

This paper gave a most appreciative review to THROUGH FRENCH WINDOWS by David Horner. The review said, "The delights and humours of French life are beautifully rendered, and the book can be vigorously recommended." The book is selling well, no doubt because, as the *Bystander* says, "Mr. Horner's is the book of a man who loves France because he knows it, not as a romantic escape, but as a reality." 8s. 6d.

A late autumn publication is ICARUS. This is an anthology of the poetry of flight which has been compiled by Professor R. de la Bère and three Flight Cadets. The theme and the pattern of the book are those of young men occupying their business by day and by night in the air. There is a preface by Sir John Squire and an epilogue by Austin Hopkinson, M.P. 7s. 6d.

The next book is also in verse. THE TREK, by F. Carey Slater, records the heroic adventures of the pioneers whose achievements are being honoured this year at a centenary in South Africa. The celebrations take place at Pretoria this month. 4s. 6d.

Lord Horder has written a Foreword to POVERTY AND POPULATION by R. M. Titmuss. This book presents a factual study of contemporary social waste and as the *Daily Herald* says, this is "One of the most careful social studies ever made." 10s. 6d.

We have just reprinted THE FLASHING STREAM by Charles Morgan, which has a long Prefatory essay by the author. The play is to be seen at the Lyric Theatre in London: the book of the play is to be seen all over the country. 6s.

An excellent Christmas present is provided at 4s. 6d. in BIRDS AND BEASTS IN AFRICA which has eight plates in colour and over fifty black and white illustrations by the author, Lord Baden-Powell.

And here are some of our recent novels: no room to give more than title, author and price. THE JOYFUL DELANEYS by Hugh Walpole, 8s. 6d.; GROWTH OF A MAN by Mazo de la Roche, 8s. 6d.; THE YOUNGER VENUS by Naomi Royde Smith, 7s. 6d.; AN END OF THE HOURS by Edward Thompson, 7s. 6d.; ACE HIGH by G. March-Phillipps, 7s. 6d.; ROOTS IN THE SKY by Sidney Meller, 8s. 6d.; THE DARK ROOM, by R. K. Narayan, 6s.; and NINA LESSING by Edward Crankshaw, 7s. 6d.

[prices are net]

MACMILLAN

Border holiday—a holiday in some wildish neighbourhood being almost the rule for the boy-and-girl story. (It is part of John and Mary's cleverness to have their lessons at home.) *Children by the Sea* (Cornwall this time) is told by Rebecca, aged twelve, in a style adorned with literary quaintnesses *à la* Sanger. The children are more romantic than usual; not many books have a desperate green-eyed little heroine, or a boy with drooping eyes and a mysterious smile. Yet though romantic, they are alive. The adventures and escapes are well up to standard, and there is one first-class joke—the making of a "sea monster."

Nothing could be less quaint than the style of *Escape to Persia*, which is really by children, though we are not told their age. It is a surprising book: solid, practical, full of terse and minute description—and much more adult in feeling than the kind of tale usually supplied by grown-ups. Indeed it shows up the modern habit of truckling to the young idea—or addressing it *de haut en bas*, which is the same thing. Every detail of the escape from London to Exmoor—all the detail—is admirable, and the drawings are worth looking at (which is unheard-of in children's books.) But the construction has its weak points. And the authors' first story should be read first, for they are always referring back to it, and never explain.

The Circus is Coming depends rather on the circus than on the boy-and-girl theme. Indeed Peter and Santa are the butts. They have run away to their uncle to avoid being put in orphanages; they are inclined to be prim, and at the circus everyone snubs them and humiliates them (with the author's consent) until one can't bear it. All very likely, no doubt. However, it is the circus that really matters; it is described with a nice blend of glamour and realism, and the young should be thrilled.

The Trumpet and the Swan is boy-and-girl in a historical setting—Royalist against Roundhead. *Light Over Lundy* is boy-and-girl riding and foiling spies in Devon. Choose your subject; they are both competent, and the first, though slight, has a welcome gravity and good breeding. *The Indian Twins* is boy-and-girl for the little ones—for children of eight or nine. It starts enchantingly, and is informative without tears. The Indians, by the way, are Red.

Children who want a book of fairy tales are the worst off; they are more or less dependent on Grimm, for no degree of competence will produce a fairy tale. Still one can always find something. Mrs. Uttley's book (also for the little ones) is charming as usual, though, as usual, on the weak side. Sometimes her idea comes off, sometimes not. When it does, as in "The Cock and the Hen go a-travelling," you have as delightful a little story as heart could wish. Miss Farjeon's drawback is self-consciousness; she writes too well, she runs to inner meaning and has a tendency to show off. But she is full of pretty and graceful things; *One Foot in Fairyland* is a lucky-bag, containing all sorts, natural and magical. All the same I prefer her rhymes, which are more childish and less accomplished.

K. John

S. C. M.

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THE GIRLS OF BRITAIN

Miss Wilmer's Gang. By Bessie Marchant. *Blackie.* 5*s.*

The School on the Cliff. By Angela Brazil. *Blackie.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Nancy Returns to St. Bride's. By Dorita Fairlie Bruce. *Oxford.* 5*s.*

The Oxford Annual for Girls. *Oxford.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

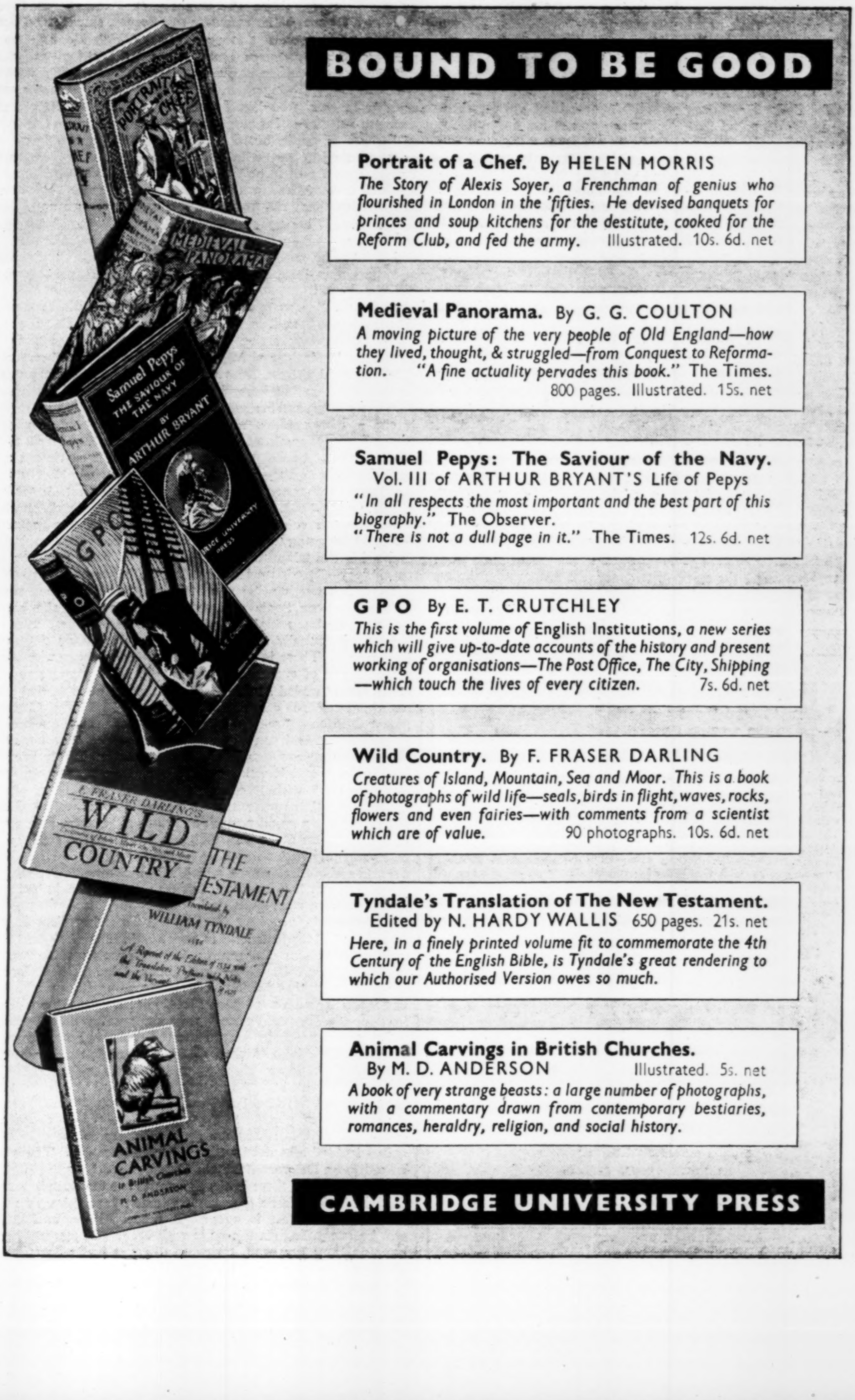
The Girls of Britain are, thank Heaven, themselves again. Last year the stories concerning their adventures contained far too many references to beauty culture: Are Hilda's plaits as glossy as Ada's? Where is Prudence's bejewelled hair-slide? Who has tampered with Eileen's cold cream? This year one sees with relief that the authoresses have no time for anything but making their characters scurry from one scrape to the next. The wretched girls whizz from the smugglers' cave to the Headmistress's study, undergo a terrific wigging, and are back at the haunted ruins in a twinkling. This is as it should be. No sooner has Hermione discovered the missing Scholarship papers in Edna's satchel than she ought to be harrying the Botany mistress and behaving all anyhow in the boot-hole.

But why are there no spies this year? We must, I feel, move with the times and it wouldn't take a second to write in a gripping scene with Cynthia unmasking an old peasant-woman in the market-place and finding the plans of the School drainage system tucked skilfully into a vegetable marrow. She could then be decorated by a Very Important Person with the head-girl clapping her on the back and crying: "Bravo, youngster; I say, care to split a ginger-pop with me some time?"

Not that there is any real cause for complaint for this year there has appeared the most absorbing and astonishing tale of its kind that I have ever read; it is called *Miss Wilmer's Gang*. "Outwardly prim and precise, Miss Wilmer at forty-five was raging and fuming inside." She is also "compound of nervous activity and tremendous energy," and she inherits two uninhabited islands in Patagonia. Accompanied by six girls, she sets out to farm her property. The girls are "just spoiling for action of some sort," and three of them receive proposals of marriage before you can say Ella Wheeler Wilcox; it is all "Life in three-inch capitals."

Miss Wilmer sleeps "with a trusty little automatic under her pillow" and looks "very business-like in khaki tunic and breeches with a mackintosh over all." Thus equipped she strides through "dank herbage," twists her ankle, gets rescued from a "marshy bit," and is subsequently "thatched down with a lot of dried swamp grass." She then sits too near the fire and her thatch goes up in flames. She is rolled in the damp grass, abandoned while help is procured, and sees approaching a Patagonian Indian with "arms like an orang-outang." What will Miss Wilmer do? "This was no time to play the weakling. . . . If she was discovered . . . she would launch herself straight at him and she would scratch and claw with primitive fury." Instead, however, she "chokes back a rending scream" and "casts herself away in the bushes anyhow." Her girls eventually rescue her and put her on a stretcher but she is flung out against a tree; she manages, however, to tell her stretcher-bearers: "You're both made of good stuff for sure," to which they reply: "Don't you fret chief dear." They then "hoist" her on board the boat (this operation is described as "fearful work"). Soon after, Miss Wilmer is throttled by a delirious Portuguese and emerges from his grasp gasping: "Bah! That was a breathless bit." Her methods of dealing with the patient are original indeed: "When he fell a little quiet she dozed; when he raved and yelled she just sat up and took notice," and this process is later referred to as "Going all out nursing him."

Then the local aborigines have a rising, attack some neighbour-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ing islanders, and Miss Wilmer and her girls hurry to their aid in the motor-boat. Pris drives too fast and Daphne Frost (who sometimes uses "four clean hankies" a day for crying into) is sick. They have their first brush with the enemy. Miss Wilmer "was clawing and tearing" aborigines who are "almost unclothed save for a garment of skin about their middles." Her girls "surged to and fro, hitting out wildly." There are "threshing arms." Miss Wilmer "let her fist drive full in the face" of all and sundry, and Violet Breame, a "deep contralto," "prodded and punched, raining blows on naked flesh." But the pace is too hot even for Violet and when she is carried off by an aborigine "there was no spring in her anywhere and he must have found her a bit of a lump." All the girls are captured and Miss Wilmer, "swinging up her arms," "shoots" out of the house in pursuit. She "hitches her foot in something," falls headlong, is carried upside down by an aborigine ("Oh, it was awful") and is described, rightly, as a "corker." Finally Miss Wilmer receives two proposals of marriage and the girls join in "a couple of staves from Rule Britannia." "One might go a long way," says Violet Breame, "before one encountered another Miss Wilmer." Yes indeed.

Miss Angela Brazil's offering for this year is called *The School on the Cliff* and concerns the adventures of "the three R's," Rosamunde Barton, Ruth Davis and Rhoda Fielding. There is much talk of "folk-lore, nature myths, folk-memories, and elfin maidens"; and even the vanishing of Miss Ward's "illuminated ode" is traced to the pixies. There is a "disgruntled senior" called Myfanwy who behaves "in a most unsporting fashion" over tennis. Rosamunde, "just a light-hearted schoolgirl" is a "recorder in the Botany section" and frequently "rambles up the mountains" collecting "butterwort and bog pimpernel," finally achieving "a most important botanical find." There is a splendid outing of The Nature Study Club; "Miss Graham sprang to her feet in excitement. 'An otter! An otter!' she cried. 'Look girls . . . Oh, it's dived now! You must all enter that in your nature diaries.'" Then Ella falls into a pool and "spoils the ramble." The school amateur theatricals include girls representing "the spirit of summer, the four winds, the sea fairies, and a band of gnomes." Ruth is chosen for "the south wind . . . all gauze . . . with trailing pieces to blow about." Rosamunde is in pale-blue satin: "'You look no end!' admired Ruth." The orchestra contains "a further touch of Cambrian interest" in the shape of two harpists "dressed as bards." Winefred Wynne is the cynosure of all eyes, singing and acting "with all the Celtic fire infused by her Welsh blood." At the prize-giving the girls are found to be "a healthy bonny set" and Ruth gets a prize entitled, "A Hundred Things a Bright Girl can Do." Rosamunde, complete with "album of snaps" and her mother (who has a maid called Blodwen) set out on a cruise to Palestine. On board there is an Amusements Committee and plenty of shuffle board and bucket quoits, and a fancy dress party with Mrs. Barton in a Japanese kimono. The streets of Palestine are found to be "dirty and malodorous," and there is a know-all called Miss Hirst who translates the word "baksheesh" and advises them not to drink the water. Rosamunde comes across some "borage and speedwell," but "the Arabs aren't romantic at close quarters," and "after all the noisy natives it was delightful to be back on board, with British seamen and stewards and the Union Jack, and the Captain, and their own cabins and Western ways."

THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION

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In *Nancy Returns to St. Bride's*, Desdemona Blackett, with a "brown mane" and an art bursary, and Nancy Caird with an organ scholarship, arrive at St. Bride's and are put by the temporary headmistress, Miss Warren, into the Raspberry room. The real headmistress, Miss Caldwell, who had been "putting a pretty stiff strain" on herself, "crashed at the end of last session" with brain fever, and her substitute, who "absolutely runs amuck" if she is disobeyed, is much disliked. The head-girl, Laurie Sims, is very "go-ahead" and wants to keep St. Bride's abreast of the times: she discusses it at tea: "Lax is all right I agree, but the best game—more toast?—is footer." Lectures on psychology are started though "this is not a subject for the lower school to get hold of." "'No more talking, girls!' broke in Miss Warren's voice . . . 'Get out your rough note-books . . . To-day I am going to tell you something more about complexes.'" Sonia Martin takes to it like a duck to water: "She loves psychology—laps it up like anything"; however "hygiene was different; it taught what you needed to know and then stopped in time." Poor Sonia gets so carried away that she becomes "a good deal too highly strung" and grows worse after each lecture. Eventually she goes "absolutely to pieces . . . nerves I suppose." There is a characteristic Mademoiselle who appears among a riot of exclamation marks. "'Mais, comme vous êtes méchantes!' wailed Mademoiselle, 'It is not possible that you be permitted to so conduct yourselves! . . . Biddy Cochrane! Maeve O'Brien! I see you laugh! Je vous donnerai quelquechose pour rire! I send you all to Miss Warren!'" Emotionally the girls are active and one of the juniors is "frightfully keen" on Nancy Caird and is writing her biography, while Nancy herself is "besotted" with Desdemona Blackett. The latter who has given "extra time to anatomy" wins second prize at the "Glasgow Galleries" for a pastel portrait of Nancy; "Nancy, in her school uniform, sat on the organ-stool, one hand on the keys, and the other reaching back to pick up a sheet of music, her face turned over her shoulder, across which fell her long fair plait. Her expression was half laughing, half serious, and Desda had caught the blend with marvellous skill."

The Oxford Annual for Girls contains a rich variety of stories including "L for Learner" in which a dashing girl called Lesbia foils some thieves and returns Lady Arkwright's jewels to the proper quarter. Lesbia has not obtained her School Certificate but she had "that instinctive flair for doing things . . . which had made her such a competent leader of her gym team at school." In "Just a Jig-saw Puzzle" things are never dull "when the stalwart games captain breezed into the room. 'Jumping Jupiter! What have we here?' Glen Gordon boomed, striding across to the table. 'Whence this unwonted industry so late in the day? Jig-saws forsooth! . . . Two prefects? Tut!'" In "Freckle's First Term" Freckles has "two ginger plaits" and "seems to have plenty of pep." She plays hockey, "goes down like a nine-pin," dodges round the right-back, scores the winning hit, and is handed a medal by Sir Richard Trevallion. There is also an article on Dalcroze Eurhythmics.

Now, which of these books are you to get for Ruby's stocking? To which shall Irene glue her fascinated gaze the very moment Christmas breakfast is over? It matters little, and luncheon will be congealing on the table with Irene still staring, her eyes popping from her head, trying to discover just who it was who garotted Mademoiselle, set fire to the Chapel and tarred and feathered Miss Parkinson's bust.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

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ART AND ARTIFICE FOR NURSERY READERS

Quipic, the Hedgehog. Ploof, the Wild Duck. Mischief, the Squirrel. Frou, the Hare. By Père Castor. Translated by Rose Fyleman. *Allen Unwin.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Adapted from Grimm. By Walt Disney, Inc. *Collins.* 5*s.*

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Translated and illustrated by Wanda Gag. *Faber.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Tim and Lucy Go to Sea. Written and illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. *Oxford Press.* 6*s.*

Pigwiggen. Written and illustrated by Arnrid Johnston. *Country Life.* 5*s.*

Oboli, Boboli, and Little Joboli. By Bernard and Elinor Darwin. *Country Life.* 5*s.*

Orlando, the Marmalade Cat: A Camping Holiday. By Kathleen Hale. *Country Life.* 6*s.*

What To Do About Molly. By Marjorie Flack. *Lane.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Noodle. By Munro Leaf. Illustrated by Ludwig Bernelmaus. *Hamish Hamilton.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wee Gillis. By Munro Leaf. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. *Hamish Hamilton.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Pepito. By Sheila Hawkins. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Looking Round London. By Helen Carstairs. *Blackie.* 5*s.*

My Animal ABC. By Mary Shillabeer. *Oxford Press.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Three things make these charming picture books what they are. The element of facetious illustration which lurks in so much modern art finds here an outlet, if not legitimate, at least popular; the modern respect for naivety as a virtue in itself, and the tendency of this respect to get so far from innocence that one finds intellectuals consciously producing naivety for other intellectuals to enjoy. Thus while the line in behaviour is to treat children as simply and as much like grown-ups, as the grown-ups can stand, books provided for the young have often an archness and a superior wit which in a governess or aunt or nursery maid, would be quite objectionable. All these books are delightful and they know it. If anything grates it is only a ghost of Christopher Robin—the whimsies of yesteryear. Probably because one is so much more tolerant toward the charm of other nations than to one's own, one prefers the foreign product. The four translations of Père Castor's wild animal books have "that delicate gaiety which shows they come from the French." The vile phrase is the publisher's. The gaiety is not so bad as that, and the lithographs (by Rojan) are always good and occasionally first-rate. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (an authorised book of the Walt Disney film) is the fairy story's Hollywood version illustrated very suitably in the heavy American-Germanic way. It is very inartistic and the better for that. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, translated and illustrated by Wanda Gag, has black-and-white illustrations with nothing very special about them, though no doubt they will look rather fine when the little ones have spent a wet afternoon chalking them over.

Edward Ardizzone's *Tim and Lucy Go to Sea*, a sequel to his two previous books, has a sturdy little story and really lovely illustrations in pen and colour washes. But I doubt if the children will appreciate Mr. Ardizzone's style and the implications of his humour as grown-ups must. *Pigwiggen*, in the Babar tradition, illustrated with lithographs of very great charm and originality, is a great deal better than I care to admit—highly recommended, particularly for anyone over 25—too good for the children. *Oboli, Boboli and Little Joboli*, by Bernard and Elinor Darwin, containing five stories and illustrations, also owes something to Babar. Another quality this book has is that it really goes down well with the young. *Orlando, the Marmalade Cat*, has big bright illustrations, which show a lot of inventive talent as well as a certain debt to Brunhoff. *What to do About Molly* is a pleasant little piece with illustrations in a similar style, but without much variety. *Noodle* and *Wee Gillis* are both by Munro Leaf—*Noodle* is meant for five-year-olds and is really more suitable to readers of the *Evening Standard* (the drawings recall Low). *Wee Gillis*, about a bristly freckled Scot's gossoon or boy, is a little on the dull side, but probably less so for those who are amused by mentions of porridge, bagpipes and names like Alistair, Roderic, Craigellachie, Dalhousie, Gowan, Donnybristle, MacMac. *Pepito* is about a little boy's picaresque adventures in olde worlde Spain with pedestrian illustrations which may appeal rather to children than to sophisticated adults. *Looking Round London* is nursery topography, an ordinary children's book of the sort that has been going 20 years at least. *My Animal ABC* is as neatly decorative and as decorously gay as an underground poster. It is remarkable chiefly for one or two ingenious solutions of century old problems—Q, not for Quagga as you might expect, but for Quack Quack, and X for Xanthura—apparently a small song bird. The amount of talent which has gone into making these books is imposing, in many cases the art content overflows the slight medium. Only a puritanical preference for the art that conceals art prevents me from calling for three cheers for the six winners on the list.

Graham Bell

THE SERIOUS SIDE

The Earth Changes. By Janette May Lucas and Helene Carter. *Harrap.* 6*s.*

Mediaeval Days and Ways. By Gertrude Hartman. *Cambridge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Dickon Among the Lenape Indians. By M. R. Harrington. *Bell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Manga. By Richard C. Gill. *Chambers.* 5*s.*

Let's Make Something. By Stanley Rogers. *Oxford University Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The World's Airways. By Robert Finch. *London University Press.* 5*s.*

The Wonder Book of Motors. Ed. by Harry Golding *Ward Lock.* 5*s.*

The Wonder Book of Would You Believe It. Ed. by Harry Golding. *Ward Lock.* 5*s.*

The Modern Marvels Encyclopedia. Ed by John Crossland. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Every Boy's Book. By H. L. Gee. *London University Press.* 5*s.*

So This is Music. By William Johnson. *Pitman.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Zoo Friends. By Joanna Robb and Gilbert Cousland. *Collins.* 3*s.*

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Down Nature's Byways. By NORMAN F. ELLISON. *London University Press.* 5s.

Country Holiday. By E. L. GRANT WATSON. *Nelson.* 5s.

What Shall I Be ? Ed. by JOCELYN OLIVER. *Collins.* 6s.

Satan finds mischief for Idle Hands ; and when he had found it, I would be bundled off to bed by lean and prying fingered Nanny without my Rice Crispies. But if American Children would only lay off their Snow White Mommas, Big Business, and Mickey Rooney, and read a book or so, Satan wouldn't get a look in. The American children's Handy books are streets better than ours. *Earth Changes* is the most attractive of these, in which the American seven-year-old can devour a fascinating get up of the earth's metamorphosis from Pre-Cambrian to Pleistocene Age, with maps on almost every page, and copper plate comments such as this, " we may remember this age as a time of many, if lowly, creatures living in a warm sea." Gertrude Hartman's *Mediaeval Days and Ways* is in this same category, and imaginative children will find true escapism, for there is enough here to recreate a more than superficial Middle Age, and the author has used a gratifying number of original extracts. *Dickon Among the Lenape Indians* also brings a world of its own, for wee Dickon is shipwrecked en route for Virginia in 1612 and adopted by the Indians of the Delaware estuary, and slowly acquires their *modus vivendi*. It is this acquiring that the book describes, and its separate world distinguished even by a language of its own. It must have taken years of work to be able to write a book of this sort, and the author is the curator of a Los Angeles museum. An anthropologist has written *Manga*, who is a present-day Amazon Indian, and makes a good tale of it, bringing in his manhood rites, hunting, and weapon making, and finally he goes off with a white man his own age, on a photographing expedition. The print of these four books deserves praise, and the illustrations, especially the pictures and diagrams in M. R. Harrington's book. In themselves they are story books, but most little boys and girls would find enough in these, given a little imagination, to dream and plan for days on end.

The more practical will appreciate Stanley Rogers' *Let's Make Something*, which must have had the co-operation of a certain Regent Street establishment, his craftsmanship is thick with bogus Renaissance. The models are quite difficult to make, an eight-foot dinghy, for instance, or " Some original clock cases," but judging by the pictures the results are satisfying. There are 22 objects to make, from an ornamental lighthouse to a buccaneer's chest. *The World's Airways* is very little different from its title, though it is a well-presented book. It's a book for oldish children, 15 or 16 is about the minimum. The airways on each continent are skimmed over, and the principal companies, and their organisation. *The Wonder Book of Motors* is a new edition of an old favourite, the happily antiquated de Dion Boutons have disappeared and sleek black purring cat cars have taken their place. The oddest thing new to me in the *Wonder Book of Would You Believe It* was the fact that eels swim 4,000 miles to Bermuda and back before coming of age, and often crawl overland by night to get from ponds to a stream that will eventually take them to a river. *The Modern Marvels Encyclopedia* is a more ambitious book, and ranks with the Cassels Books of Knowledge. This is more useful than the Wonder Book, for the Marvels are helpful ones and well chosen ; they are divided into nine sections, amongst which rank Marvels in Art and Industry and like headings. You are told on *Every Boy's Book* " That every Lord needs his Peerage, every M.P. his Hansard, and every Boy his Book." Well, for the price this is the best of the lot. It covers every interest a boy may have, and will introduce him to a good many more. This is not the usual catalogue of who has done what faster than anybody else, but even ventures to give a guide to the best books for boys, and the greatest books on the world, with The Analects of Confucius fifth on the list. *So This is Music* is really for the non-starter, to start him off, and it will probably succeed The style is that of a conversational wireless talk, and from Purcell and instruments you are worked up to an approach of modern music as symbolised alas by Bartók. A good supplement to dreary school music lessons. Gilbert Cousland has done the pictures for a first-rate picture book for small children, *Zoo Friends*, with light conversation round the sides, " Of course, you know what these are . . . lions, and very lazy ones too. I don't think that even if you offered them a nice mutton chop it would wake them up." The pictures are admirable, and the layout well above the ordinary rut. *Down Nature's Byways* is the first of two country books. Dick has an interested uncle who gives him a grand holiday, turning him into a field naturalist, with a night on Bird Island and a day beach-combing, until Dick must reluctantly go back to school. The author is also Nomad the Naturalist : he has with him a very easy and catchy style. The pictures are mostly country woodcuts, and much better than a most putting-off cover. E. L. Grant Watson's book is not as good as usual, and must be condemned as a second to the first of these two. *What Shall I Be ?* is the kind of thing that looks best in a tabloid daily, but it is more entertaining than useful, and I doubt if it will help parents. Whereas the careers one is unlikely to choose are excellently written, such as a chapter by Boulestin, and another " The Stage—a Career for Boys," more natural ones are dreadful. " There is still romance in the Army—what boy has not thrilled as he caught a glimpse of it at the Aldershot Tattoo." Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury, etc. Glamour and Romance ! Out of the 45 possible careers, the Ministry has almost the shortest chapter—" the Ministry can never be an alternative "—and probably one of the best is the Foreign Office, for which an official minute has been provided.

RAYMOND ALDERSON

TORTURE AND DEATH

How many vicious swings have gone socketing into midriffs, how many uppercuts have landed neatly on weak chins, how many lashes descended on trembling flesh, how many steel-blue eyes scanned open boyish faces, how many shifty dagoes have flinched before a steady gaze, since first I started to read the twenty-two boys' books it is now my pleasure to pass in review ? We are told that the teaching of blood and violence is confined to the children of totalitarian States. Sir Humphrey Milford, Mr. Thomas Nelson, Mr. Blackie and his son and many another British publisher can bear witness that this is not true. I select at random from the nearest books to my desk :

> Doran's automatic spat viciously though silently. Before he could press the trigger again, Colin's left had delivered a devastating blow on the bandit's solar plexus (*Standish Gets His Man*, by Percy F. Westerman).

This is, incidentally, a good specimen of the author's prose style.

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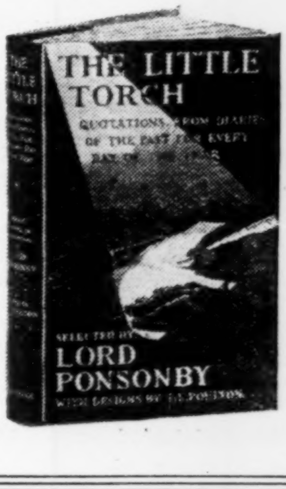
THE LITTLE TORCH
QUOTATIONS FROM DIARIES OF THE PAST FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR
SELECTED BY
LORD PONSONBY

I am told that if all the words Mr. Westerman has written in his many books for boys were stretched end to end, they would reach from Wareham (Dorset) to St. Albans.

> The point of Mazeus's lance never found a more fatal mark; it caught the Tuareg squarely in the throat and impaled him as cleanly as a butterfly is impaled upon a pin (*Biggles Flies South*, by Capt. W. E. Johns).

More of Biggles later.

> A poor prospect for a fellow . . . no junior's head to punch for setting up sauce in the common room (*Jim the Dandy*, by S. M. Williams).

Here is a nice little torture to try on the milksop next door, next time you and your brother have got him alone. It comes from *Adventure Down Channel*, " and every boy with any sense knows what a splendid sailing yarn Percy Woodcock can spin " (publisher's blurb). I am afraid I cannot spin the yarn to chapter length as Mr. Woodcock has done: it is briefly this. Lash your man by his ankles, wrists and thighs so that he cannot move. Now heat an iron bar on a stove well in view of your victim. When the bar is red hot, remove his shoes and socks and make as though to brand him on the soles of his feet. Now the skill comes in. When you have got the red-hot bar near his feet, substitute for it a block of ice, without his seeing. Draw the ice across the soles of his feet. The nervous shock that results will cause yells of merriment.

I have not room to quote the many tortures and death blows at my disposal, and I am afraid you may think I am a wretched coward who objects to such things in boys' books. I do not: so long as the story is improbable enough, the agonies and deaths are pleasantly remote. Only when a torture reaches the bounds of possibility, does it become not so jolly. I advise those who give their sons *Adventure Down Channel* to hide the Primus and switch off the refrigerator for a week or two.

Before passing to the majority of the books, there are two which demand separate notice, one on account of its superior merit, the other because it does not fall into any category. *Under Sealed Orders*, by " Bartimeus," is nearly what its publishers claim it to be: " The most important boy's book that has been published for a great many years." I would qualify " for a great many years " with " this year," or " the last two or three." It is difficult to see why it is called a boy's book, unless it be that the author is not concerned with explaining the reactions of his characters. There certainly are some chapters appended to the end of the book which depict lurid adventures in the African jungle which may have led the publishers to think the book is only suitable for boys. For myself, I enjoyed it more than anything I have read for months. The best of the book is an account, written in unaffected and untechnical terms, of life on a man-of-war in the nineteen hundreds. It is full of amusing characters and good jokes, nor is it without a dark side. My only regret is that " Bartimeus " found it necessary to launch off to Africa instead of keeping us anchored at Weymouth enjoying ourselves. *Explorers Awheel* is the story of four children who go bicycling, with a pipe-smoking uncle who refers to them all, girls or boys, as " you chaps." They explore the West of England, and they do not seem to have noticed a single secular building or even a church, although at one place they had tea with the Vicar. There is much good-humoured banter in the Doone Valley and plenty of adventure. The visit of four inquisitive children to the Cerne Giant must have presented an awkward problem to their Uncle, but he does not mention any predicament, and the artist, in his illustration of the giant, leaves it out.

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★ The New Series of New Writing contains several new features, including articles, with photographs, on French films, Mass Observation, Auden-Isherwood drama, ski-ing in the Alps. Contributors: W. H. Auden, James Stern, Tom Harrisson, Louis MacNeice, André Chamson, and many others.

★ The original numbers of New Writing received the highest praise. *Time and Tide* described it as " the healthiest literary development since the romantic revival," the *Listener* said " It is the Yellow Book of the thirties." Copies of Nos. 2—5 can still be obtained from your bookseller or from Messrs. Lawrence & Wishart.

★ The first number of the New Series has already attracted much attention. The *News Chronicle* says " an exciting publication," the *Daily Herald* welcomes it as " this enterprising and intelligent publication," while the *Sunday Times* comments " should not be missed by those who want to know what the young movement in Europe is producing."

Published by The Hogarth Press

The most prolific writers of boys' books recognise that the ingredients of a successful story are: (1) that the whole thing can be re-enacted in the garden with the summer-house as H.Q. and the least popular boy as villian; (2) that a fine flourish of technical terms will make the most far-fetched plot sound true, and anyhow technical terms delight boys of all ages; (3) that jokes must be very simple. Most of the authors observe these rules.

I wonder whether even readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION can unravel all these technicalities:

> The fuselage is of composite construction, being of a monocoque design reinforced by four longerons (*The Royal Air Force*, by Monk and Winter).
>
> Then as their topmast, deprived of the support of its stay to the bowsprit end, was flogging about, they housed it (*Mixed Cargoes*, by Lawrence R. Bourne).
>
> Pot-a-Pie glad you come. Mike Dubois um hit the hooch, so that um go plum crazy. Take um to tie-up (*Warden of the North*, by L. C. Douthwaite.)

The use of " historical " language may be described as an extension of the technical terms device, and is often employed in stories dealing with ye olden time. " Queen Elizabeth was right royally angered that it could not be found, naught being known as to its whereabouts save an old tale that it had been bestowed in the caverns that turn the hill named Great Gallery into a veritable honeycomb." (*Green Emeralds for the King* by Constance Savery.) I wot this authoress will be right royally angered with me, but, marry, her olden tongue and auncient speeches made me right hasty to skippe the leaves, albeit I tried to read them with a good wille.

Now and then an author will allow himself to draw a character. Martin Kent slips in an unusually observant passage: " He was an intensely satisfied man, with his board meetings, committee meetings, golf on Saturday afternoons, and elaborate wireless sets." (*A King from the Clouds*.) Lawrence Bourne draws likely merchant seamen, and " Bartimeus " excellent R.N. types. On the whole, though, the roughest toughest sketch is all that is used. Take Biggles, for instance, the air detective; there are two Biggles novels here and one Biggles omnibus. I will concentrate on *Biggles Flies South*. He can be haughty:

> The man bowed, and his right hand touched his heart with an obsequious gesture. " Have I the honour of addressing the celebrated Major Bigglesworth ? " he enquired, suavely. " My name is Bigglesworth, if that's what you mean," answered Biggles coldly.

He can be witty:

> " Yes; I fancy I saw a cairn of stones farther back—." " Listen, laddie," interrupted Biggles. " From what I can see of it, you are going to have plenty of time to trot about looking for heaps of stones. What we need is a nice heap of *scones*."

(How does he know that the other man does not pronounce them *skonz ?*) He can be righteously angry:

> " . . . you murdering swine," snarled Biggles, and before the others realised what he was going to do, he seized the abject half-caste by the back of the collar and began laying on the cane with all the power of his arm.

He has no time for archaeology:

> Algy and Ginger looked with interest at the ancient ruins of such

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romantic association, but Biggles was more concerned with the present.

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Readers will notice that the air is the thing now, and that school stories are on the wane. Embryo escapists have quite a large choice of historical novels.

John Betjeman

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More Hand-Picked Howlers. By Cecil Hunt and Blampied. *Methuen.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

How to Make a Garden Grow. By Heath Robinson and K. R. G. Browne. *Hutchinson.* 5*s.*

My Line of Life. By W. Heath Robinson. *Blackie.* 15*s.*

Outside Britain. By Dower and Riddell. *Heinemann.* 5*s.*

This Was Your World. By James Cleugh. *Selwyn and Blount.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Lilliput Annual. *Pocket Publications.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

I'm a Stranger Here Myself. By Ogden Nash. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

It is known that the old British joke which explained why the Stout Party collapsed in brackets is not so funny as the quicker, ruder, unexplanatory and more recent American jest. It is not so well known that certain New Yorkers have hardening of the witty arteries, and that certain political thinkers deplore any form of sense of humour as escapist. However most publishers go Dickensian at Christmas, so let us turn to our traditional muttons.

Darts with the Lid Off is one long scream from beginning to end and consequently not my cup of tea, but if you survive the hysteria about beer, the dartsman's stance, his hind-shield, and his dirty tactics you will be rewarded with a full glossary of the little language of darts, which is funny. *Listener's Licence* is for the immense public which knows the names of announcers and considers B.B.C. characters fascinating and B.B.C. programmes too highbrow. The fun is too well sustained but the index is good. *More Hand-Picked Howlers* contains "Il fait beau temps aujourd'hui: Your aunt is very large to-day," and "A widow can marry another man, but a widower can't decently till some time after," and "Charlotte Brontë was a woman who would always brood at a height. It was a fault she turned into a book." It is illustrated by Blampied whose drawing has a bitter quality worthy of a better cause.

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"As most gardeners are genial folk who enjoy laughing at themselves, there will be an uproarious welcome for *How to Make a Garden Grow*." Thus the blurb for the latest Heath Robinson. Mr. Robinson's inventions are as delightfully practicable as ever, but Mr. Browne's libretto must have been specially designed for gardeners. "Unlike punting, tracheotomy and playing the Nigerian nose-flute, topiary is almost as easy to do as it is to spell." Highly recommended for Middleton addicts. *My Line of Life* is Mr. Heath Robinson's perfectly serious autobiography, and consequently a little out of place here. He tells the story of how a would-be landscape painter made his reputation and his living by letting an eccentric little genius lead him astray from his more serious work. The Heath Robinson we know best first came to life as a very amiable children's hero called Uncle Lubin. How his innocent ingenuity was received by puzzled editors who failed to see the joke, how it was exploited during the war, and how it assisted the Great Western Railway are related with engaging modesty. All phases of the crazy Robinson, and of the serious illustrator of Rabelais, Kipling and Don Quixote are illustrated.

Outside Britain, A Guide to This Grave New World, is political satire written before the word "umbrella" became an emetic. It is sharper than most wit about characteristic British foreign policy, but its good humour on such subjects as dictatorship, armaments, protests and axes is an inadequate fire-escape. Messrs. Riddell and Dower must suffer because our national Polonius has gone several worse than their imaginary Blenkinsop. If you have the stomach for fun about front page news you may like this :

> As everyone knows, fifteen imitation Mussolinis . . . are continually visiting twenty-three substitute Hitlers . . . (wigs by Clarkson), in thirty-seven uniforms and five special trains, while the Entire Armed Forces of both countries line the railways with their hands in the air and their backs to the engines, protecting them from the cheering, bribed, brow-beaten multitudes (none of whom are allowed within two miles of the friendship) because as the railway companies so aptly put it IT IS DANGEROUS TO LEAN OUT OF THE WINDOW.

James Cleugh has written a survey of the amazing years 1919 to 1929 without ever explaining why the Stout Party collapsed. "The dabbler in dreams which were once realities, the explorer of the quasi-fairyland of Lloyd George, Baldwin, and Ramsay MacDonald, of booms and slumps, slogans and crazes, strikes and Bright Young People, must continually draw, like Alice's Duchess, the moral of everything." But this explorer keeps his morals to himself, and never nudges one even when reporting how very This English this England has been. He has covered not only political action and rhetoric, but also most of the things which the press thought important during those ten years. I list a few names from his index : Daisy Ashford, Mr. Justice Avory, Bakst, Max Beerbohm, Horatio Bottomley, W. J. Bryan, the British Gazette, Coué, Lord Curzon, James Douglas, Ronald True, Pussyfoot Johnson, Pilsudski, Rothermere, Irene Savidge, Snowden, Vaquier, Voronoff, Romer Wilson, and Zinoviev. Mr. Cleugh quotes THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION more frequently than any other publication, and has indeed a very proper attitude to everything. History being much funnier than fiction he deserves an enormous sale amongst the melancholy.

Last year's *Lilliput Annual* was described by this journal as "bright, varied, amazingly cheap, and just the thing for magpie reading." This year it is excellent for Little Jack Horner reading, remarkably cheap, bright and varied.

I'm a Stranger Here Myself is very hard to quote because Mr. Ogden Nash has discovered that you can make a joke in a page and a half of loose couplets just as well as in a tight quatrain. However his last four lines on England can be uprooted :

> England is the last home of the aristocracy, and the art of protecting the aristocracy from the encroachments of commerce has been raised to quite an art,
>
> Because in America a rich butter-and-egg man is only a rich butter-and-egg man or at most an honorary LL.D. of some hungry university, but in England why before he knows it he is Sir Benjamin Buttery, Bart.
>
> Anyhow, I think the English people are sweet,
>
> And we might as well get used to them because when they slip and fall they always land on their own or somebody else's feet.

That will be all for this year. FREDERICK LAWS

IT'S IN THE BAG

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These books have been reviewed not only by me but, where possible, by my three children : i.e., two girls aged 6½ and 5,

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and a small boy of 18 months, whose major interests in life at present are the broken works of a grandfather clock, a musical doll and as much to eat as possible, and to whom books, in so far as they mean anything at all, are objects to be scribbled on with coloured chalk or to be torn up. To the girls, on the other hand, books are already a passion; and these thirty books, which for three weeks have been scattered over floors, beds, chairs, tables and anywhere else where children could pick them up or lay them down, have been pretty well exhaustively handled by them. From their likes and dislikes and from the experience of reviewing children's books for a period of five years, some hard but irrefutable facts have emerged; and of these at least one ought to be a golden rule for all who propose to buy books for children. This is that the book which the grown-up loves is often, alas, the book which the child hates; and *vice versa*. For instance, though I cannot stomach the sugary jujubes of Mr. Milne, my children delight in them; and again, though I regard *The Forest Pool* as being, with its sun-saturated pictures of Mexican life, one of the most imaginatively exciting books on this list, my children, for the moment at least, have no use for it. Similarly they show lukewarm interest in three books, *Bramshill, Plain Jane* and *Sambo and Susan*, that are themselves the work of children, though the adult will feel bound to take off his hat to these three young ladies for what are really, even by adult standards, remarkable feats of child imagination. In fact, of the four sections into which I propose to divide the list—Animals, Everyday Life, Books by Children and Legends, leaving *The Forest Pool* belonging to no section at all—the Books by Children section seems by far the least popular.

Section I, Animals. Babar is unique. This book, which unhappily must be the last of the complete Babars because of the death of Jean de Brunhoff, is the most delightful in the six-volume history of this droll, humane, gentlemanly and universally lovable elephant. There must be many children who have not yet been introduced to Babar; thousands who have heard of Alice or Peter Pan and have seen Mickey and Donald, who do not yet know this immortal elephant. The sooner that is remedied the better, for Brunhoff can knock Disney, his true competitor, into many cocked hats. Brunhoff and Disney deal in the same goods: the coloured fantasy of an animal behaving like a human being, both succeeding because, among other things, it is comic to see anything so tiny as a mouse and so enormous as an elephant playing a trombone or firing a machine-gun or riding a bicycle. But there is a significant difference. Where Disney needs an army of fellow-artists, script-writers, musicians and a fifty-thousand-dollar camera in order to animate figures which, as static drawings, have more or less the value of any hack illustrations for a thick-paper Nursery Rhymes, Brunhoff secures all his animation by a beautiful gift of implication, without tricks, on paper. In *Babar at Home*, Babar is married and Celeste, his wife, suddenly bears triplets. During the confinement, Babar, to ease the tension, goes off on a bike ride. Suddenly he hears the gun announcing the royal birth, leaps on his bike, and tears off full speed for home. For that sort of sequence Disney alone knows what the permutations and combinations are. Brunhoff does the thing so well, in fifty strokes, that you can hear the bike-tyres sizzling. Another instance: as the children grow up they demand amusement and there is a double-page spread of the nursery with grandfather Cornelius giving the young Alexander a swing on his tusks that is a masterpiece in its humour, animation and the wittiness of its commentary on human nature. Babar has one more virtue: he may be read, and should be read, by everybody. The influence of the noble Babar is slightly evident in *Little Elephant Comes to Town* and *Mumfie's Magic Box;* there is a crazy gang made up of two elephants, three lambs, a squirrel, a hedgehog, a seal, a Grecian pig, two horses, a real zoological cat, Brer Rabbit, a sausage dog, a collection of entertaining riff-raff in *Christmas at the Four Paws Club*, and almost everything from ants to hippopotami in the excellent and informative *Creatures Great and Small*. All the books in this section, with the notably crazy exceptions of *Mr. Heinie* and *Niki Takes a Holiday*, the story of a circus horse who escapes and corrupts a collection of farm horses by teaching them all the circus tricks, have one thing in common. They are all reading books rather than picture books. Even Niki is a black-and-white picture book. Here Mr. Heinie, the sausage dog, droll, Teutonically serious and depicted in a series of pictures which have something of the Teutonic flamboyancy of a German picture-postcard, scores full points. Mr. Heinie comes of the lineage that bred Babar: an example of pure Aryanism, naturally. I warmly recommend the Aryan Herr Heinie, in fact, to all, even to those unprepared to believe that anything good can be inspired by anything Germanic. Heinie is certainly a hot dog. I am sorry to have to record him, however, as the sole example of the *genre* in which words are subordinate to pictures, a class growing rapidly as popular with old as with young, and that the rest of the books in Section I are mostly plain story books illustrated in the conventional way of competent and fairly often plain pictures. The influence of Jean de Brunhoff and Mr. Edward Ardizzone appears not to have spread. This is a pity, for these got more encores in my house than any, though it seems obvious that later they will be challenged and beaten by such books as *Perri: The Youth of a Squirrel*, by the author of *Bambi*, a word that will soon be on as many lips as Snow White, since the book is now in process of being Disnified. *Perri* is admirable, but I doubt if children of under ten will appreciate its note of grave and tender fantasy. They will need almost a grown-up tuning fork to get the pitch of this lyric of a squirrel's life in the woods, so delicately recorded by Felix Salten in squirrel notation. *Perri* is imaginatively real; *Mr. Jones of the London Zoo* is real life. He is the prodigal cat, already featured by the press, who made friends with the lion cub and was lost and is found. At half-a-crown this gay little book will solve the problem of present-or-just-a-card? and is a sure winner. *Buffo and Petro* and *Mumfie's Magic Box* are both exceptions to my strictures that most of this section's books were conventionally coloured; the former comes from America, though its heart and its authors are Greek, and if you want pictures as gay as a cross-stitched peasant pinafore I would recommend this story, admirably printed for small children, about the little Greek Petro and his pet pig Buffo. *Mumfie* is the next best thing to Babar: a crazy elephant who inclines to make whoopee and is kept on firm earth by his friend the Scarecrow. This is good fat value at five shillings, with some scores of delicious black-carmine-blue illustrations by the author. The other elephant, *Little Elephant Comes to Town*, is a step in the Ardizzoni-Brunhoff direction, with some good double-page pictures, and is an acceptable substitute for the real thing. It is a much smaller book: a mistake, perhaps, for even on paper elephants seem to demand more leg-room than lambs or horses.

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RIDER

Lambs hop all over the books of Miss Englefield and Miss Hogan, and these fluffy creatures will again, at two shillings and half-a-crown, solve the small present problem. I don't think *Heyo, Brer Rabbit!* needs any introduction, nor Miss Blyton, who has done well to retell the original stories in her own way, preserving their individual raciness while dispensing with the difficult negro idiom of the original. This is a gilt-edged investment that will show returns for years. *Hedgehog's Holiday* is quoted at the same figure, *Christmas at the Four Paws Club* at a shilling less, and you could hardly make a mistake with any of them as solid, if not quite magical, investments for the eight-to-tens. *The Stage-Struck Seal*, concerning the slippery acrobatics of a circus seal, raises an interesting question because of something on the jacket: "Children will enjoy this delightful nonsense tale because it is like something they might write themselves." It is indisputable, I think, that children will enjoy the book; but do children write like this?

It so happens that Section II is composed entirely of the work of children, and there is no nonsense, whichever way you look at it, about any of them. They are deadly serious, so serious that in the case of *Bramshill* only the delights of mis-spelling save the book from a haughtiness verging on snobbery. I don't doubt the talents of Joan Penelope Cope—she has enviable gifts of observation and decoration—but the book starts far too high in the social scale for me; it reads like a kitchen-maid's dream after a supper of pork pie and *Peg's Paper*. But similarly I have no doubt that, where I deplore, children will heartily enjoy this picture of one of the oldest mansions in England and a child's-eye view of most of the blue blood of the realm. I much prefer Miss Katharine Harrison Wallace's (aged 12) three country stories, most particularly her touching romance of the horses Sambo and Susan, and its delicious it-all-comes-right-in-the-end close-up of the horses in wedding harness. There is never the faintest touch of precocious snobbery in this book; it is the child mind expressing itself, in simple prose and some delightfully serio-comic pictures, without a trace of sophistication. As to *Plain Jane*, by Mary Colville (aged 13), I take off my hat to a young genius. I have been so engrossed in her drawings of Shetland ponies and so stunned by the fact that she has never had a drawing lesson in her life that I have forgotten to read her book. And now I daren't read it, in case she should write as well as she can draw, which I shrewdly suspect she can. Her drawing reveals remarkable talent. Her ponies not only kick up their legs; they kick holes in the page. They not only run across the pages; they are hurled across by the wind and energy of her talent. Into almost every picture in this book she gets a flick of authentic energy or grace that has the born touch about it. I daren't say more than this for fear of succumbing to the temptation of extravagant prophecy. I can only take off my hat again to this remarkable child and wish her a fifty-thousand sale.

Section III contains nothing that can inspire an eulogy half as airy as this; but Dent's little series of Everyday Books, to which are now added *The Fireman*, *The Baker* and *The Engine Driver*, are first-rate; and nothing since Mr. Gilbert Courland's famous photographic stories of everyday events and objects has charmed me so much as Miss Yates' *First Friends*. This is purely a babies' book; it records in pictures the objects that a small child knows and cherishes: its chair, dog, fruit, cup, doll, cot, boots. The photography is clean, polished and unpretentious with a simplicity that I suspect is a mark of high technical dexterity. I recommend the book warmly. *The Magic Train*, the story of an ordinary local passenger train that ran away and flew in the clouds, is well photographed and well told too: a clever book that scores a double by appealing at once to the child's imagination and its love of everyday events. *The Little Sailing Boat* gets tucked in here because I hardly know if Mr. Small, an enormous favourite last year, is real or imaginary. But he is a sure winner.

Section IV is small, with *Our Old Nursery Rhymes* and the *A.B.C.* thrown in not as makeweights but because of great popularity. For children under 5 they are admirably gay and simple. *Rudkin* is an attempt to break new ground in fairyland, but whether this story of an adventurous, forgetful Brownie will succeed as Miss Constance Holme says it succeeds will depend on the conservatism of the child. I would tip it as a fairly sure bet for a girl of 10. *Larky Legends* are the quite crazy adventures of cock-eyed kings and queens recorded by the man who invented the priceless Professor Branestawm. They have had considerable and obviously well-deserved success in the Children's Hour. They belong, it should be remembered, to the realms of pure super-Carollian crankiness; the quick-witted child will revel in them.

Finally, but really primarily, *The Forest Pool*. This story of two small Mexican boys comes from America and is the fruit of a talent whose roots have been deeply nourished by the Mexican tradition and scene. Its pictures, broad, rich, profoundly simple, have some of the quality of primitive art. The book is clearly for the extra-receptive; it will touch the chords of the imaginative child very strongly. If you are not lucky enough to have or know such a child, buy it for yourself, open it on Christmas Day, and feel the Mexican sun glow up from its pages, see the iguanos run along the flower-bell trees, and hear the silences of the Mexican forest. It is a remarkably lovely book.

H. E. Bates

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never seen a woman place her crime in a hermetically-sealed room to which no one has access—that monkey-puzzle tree which all the men try to climb sooner or later. Consequently, in male plots there is often a shortage of motive, whereas female plots are all motive and no technique of crime. As for that egregious personage, the sleuth, the women are really happier when they dispense with one, and allow their characters to puddle out the solution by themselves.

Mrs. Eberhart never gives a sleuth regular employment, although she makes use of various shadowy figures from the Homicide Bureau for odd jobs; in *The Glass Slipper* the heroine has to solve the crimes herself, hand in hand with the reader. An eminent Chicago surgeon has married the nurse who attended his first wife in her fatal illness. A few months after this second marriage the first wife is exhumed and found to be full of sedatives and narcotics. The nurse is naturally suspected by everyone—except by the reader, who realises she is only the heroine in for a harrowing time before Mrs. Eberhart lets her find a hero. (The title is not very appropriate, as Cinderella did not have to find her Prince after losing the slipper.) The "Atmosphere Queen," as her publishers enjoy calling her, surrounds her little hunted Cinderella with unreliable friends and treacherous enemies, and produces in the reader that prolonged state of jitters, for which the authoress has the special receipt.

Miss Holding also produces an atmosphere without a sleuth, but she does not try to involve the reader's emotions like Mrs. Eberhart. In *The Strange Crime in Bermuda* she describes her hero trying to disentangle everyone, including himself, from a net of suspicion, in the flat conversational tones of a scientist recording the activities of minnows in an aquarium. The competence of the style veils a certain thinness of plot. As soon as Hamish Grier reaches Bermuda in response to an urgent summons from a friend, the friend disappears, leaving Hamish alone with the exquisitely beautiful wife. Then the murders begin, and Hamish begins to shield ladies in distress. The book is short and very readable, and if Hamish were not so infernally innocent it would be shorter still, just as readable, but, I am afraid, even more obvious.

Mrs. Rinehart is an exceedingly accomplished authoress. *The Wall* is a delightful novel of characters, threaded with a heavily complicated but not unworkable crime plot. The scene is New England, where the heroine narrates the tragic sequence of events after the unwelcome arrival of her ex-sister-in-law on a blackmailing expedition. At intervals a mild Asey Mayo type of local sheriff flits across the stage after clues. But the reader can safely leave the mechanical jobs to the sheriff; the real problem is to pick out the operative character and motive from the bunch slily presented for your choice. *The Wall* is a perfect specimen of the female variety of detective story.

The Quaker mode of life might be a piquant setting for murder. At any rate, Miss Masterman has hopes of garnishing a mild dish of poison with a strong sauce of Friends. The combination proves indigestible; and there is a particularly nauseous lump in the sauce, in the character of an elderly, masterful Quakeress, who does the detecting. Miss Masterman's emphasis on her sleuth reveals the characteristic weakness of her sex. When women attach importance to the personality of the detective, they tend to fall in love with the figment of their imagination—whether peers, hick sheriffs, or domineering old ladies. *Death of a Friend* is an imperfect specimen of the female detective story.

Tell Death to Wait is an average specimen. Miss Boutell directs an unabashed eye on the characters of modern young people, but implements her murder with one of the oldest stage props in the bag. The vamp of a house party has her neck broken by falling downstairs while playing a game in the dark. Limited numbers, unlimited motive, unlimited opportunity and neck of vamp are the stock-pot of exciting detection, and Miss Boutell makes good soup of them; but for effect she tosses in at the last moment a supererogatory neck of heroine, and leaves the reader with a queer but nasty taste in his mouth.

The less said about *The Gracie Allen Murder Case* the soonest Philo Vance should be mended; the story is unworthy to be a successor to Mr. Van Dine's acknowledged masterpieces. From grace to Gracie is a fall indeed. *Death from a Top Hat* is the murder of a couple of conjurers by a conjurer, written by a conjurer. It would be unnatural if the reader were not mystified, but the whole affair is too much like a conjuring trick to carry conviction. Most of the book reads like a handbook for parlour magic; and as each new triumph of the art is explained, it becomes more and more ludicrous for any amateur to guess

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"Memoirs, in my opinion, are always interesting." So writes the Duke of Berwick and Alba in his foreword to the Marqués de Villavieja's autobiography. I wish I could share the Duke's catholicity of interest. After reading on end six memoirs by five distinguished and successful men and one distinguished and successful woman, I find myself reduced to a state of acute depression and almost complete despair. Is this then all the juice that can be squeezed from long and fortunate careers? Does success boil down to this? For life has been good to all these gentlemen and to this lady, but all of them together cannot inspire in me one breath of envy, one moment of elation. I would give them all for the understanding and the courage which one drew like wine from Gorky's description of his obscure and poverty-stricken childhood.

What then is success? I have here six authors, all born, with the exception of Mrs. Black, in fairly easy circumstances. All found themselves well adapted to the world in which they had to live. All have earned distinction in one field or another. Lord Ernle was an eminent scholar and politician. The Marqués de Villavieja, member of the Spanish ruling classes, has won distinction as a sportsman and a polo-player. Mr. Shane Leslie is an Irish aristocrat and man of letters. Mr. Mottram is, I believe, an esteemed and successful novelist, Mrs. Black a pioneer, the wife of a Canadian politician, and herself the second woman to be elected to the Canadian House of Commons, and Mr. McNair Wilson, as doctor and journalist, has graced both Harley Street and the offices of the *Times*. They have all seen life in its most pleasing aspects. They have met great men and women, done what they wanted to do, and made a reputation. Only Mrs. Black has ever encountered the seamy side of things, first in Chicago when her father was making his money, later when she tramped over the Chilkoot Pass in the gold rush of '98, lived in Dawson City among the riff-raff drawn thither by the hopes of a quick fortune, and bore a child, alone and unaided, in the depth of a north-Canadian winter. But Mrs. Black is, by birth, an American. She is several generations nearer to the earth than the gentlemen of England, Ireland, and Spain. And she can live through what seem to us terrific experiences and remain almost unaffected by them. Out of her past she has brought no less an acceptance of things as they are, no less a delight in the superficialities of life, and perhaps more optimism than her gentlemen companions on my desk have brought from their middle-class and upper-class European homes.

Mr. Mottram tells the tale of his childhood and boyhood in Norwich. He tells it with regret for "les neiges d'antan" and a

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style that is commonplace. His Autobiography seems to me very much like the rest, but more nostalgic. Mr. McNair is more self-conscious and complacent. His is a pilgrimage from Glasgow puritanism and mildly liberal sympathies to Catholicism (whether whole- or half-hearted is not made quite clear) and an admiration for " sacramental leadership." His mind, like so many Scottish minds, is speculative. But, like so many scientists, he is too easily fobbed off with pseudo-truths and the optimism of action. His pilgrimage is disappointing. Mr. Shane Leslie draws a charming word-picture of the world he has known, Ireland, London, Eton, France, Cambridge, and so on. All very recognisable to English intellectuals, not wildly interesting. About Lord Ernle I know very little, except what he tells here and that as Rowland Prothero he was editor of the *Quarterly*. His memory covered a long span, from Napoleon III to the food-problems of the last war. He is sound, intelligent, obviously a delightful friend, but one's mind slides off the too familiar picture of an English gentleman lucidly handling literature and affairs of State, and questioning very little. The Marqués can look back to the brief Empire of the Archduke Maximilian, in which his father played a part. He has moved gorgeously across the world, and claims to understand " the game of life and how to play it."

Perhaps that is success, to know that life is a game, that the rules are set, to learn how to play and never to rebel. And, above all, to be born with the means to play it and without the Prometheus spirit that would fain set it right. For that is impossible. And yet so much complacency, so much easy thinking, so much assumption that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, give the reader little exhilaration. Such lives were made to be lived, not written about. One cannot share Mr. Mottram's regret for a world which seemed fair because so much was hidden, nor Mr. McNair Wilson's optimism about a Europe " which has found princes and saviours in the son of a peasant, a paper-hanger, and a steel-worker." One only feels that here are too many people living in a world of operetta, presenting their pretty pictures, describing their pretty pleasures. And, if life is like that, if success means a commonplace mind in a commonplace setting, and shut your eyes to all else, God knows why it should ever change.

The world is weary of the past,
O might it die or rest at last.

FLORA GRIERSON

DANCE AND DRAMA IN BALI

Dance and Drama in Bali. By WALTER SPIES and BERYL DE ZOETE. *Faber*. 30*s*.

The dance is one of the most fascinating of all the arts; but, unlike the others, it produces masterpieces that cannot be recorded. This is true, at least, of Western schools of dancing which depend upon the skill of individual executants and decline when the presiding genius grows old or dies. Thus the Russian ballet is now a phantom of its former self. Mr. Spies and Miss de Zoete, however, describe an art that is traditional yet, in so far as it is continually changing, extremely modern, aristocratic in its distinction yet essentially popular. Here, thank Heaven, there is no question of the " cultured audience." Aesthetes, scholars, noblemen, famous musicians may and do attend these dance performances; but the bulk of the audience is composed of artisans and peasants, while the dancers themselves are often people of the poorest sort. The stage itself is pitched anywhere that convenience dictates.

> One may say that there is no stage in Bali, or that everywhere there is a stage . . . The decor may be the gateway of palace or temple, or the flight of steps leading up to it, the trees overhanging the walls of the village street, crowded with faces; and, inseparable in our mind from the picture of the play, the people who line every side of the dance-ground, only just allowing space for the dancers to dance and the musicians to sit. There are generally naked babies too, with wide open mouths and dreaming eyes, sitting between the knees of the musicians. One cannot imagine a Balinese play without these tiers of faces, naked children squatting in front, then little girls in clinging groups closely packed together, women of all ages, standing boys and men.

It is this mixture of informality and elaborate artifice that gives the Balinese dance and drama their peculiar charm. Few arts that deserve the name are genuinely popular; but Balinese dancing is related not only to the present of the Balinese audience, with its gaiety, spontaneity and love of change, but to its traditionalism and its historical and religious background.

> If the innumerable sculptured figures . . . which posture in the temples of Bali were to come to life, they could take their places without arousing any comment in the dance dramas of to-day. . . . For they are already in dance attitudes and the dress which befits their rank, whether on the high stage of the temple or the dust of the village dance floor. . . . In Bali where wood and stone are always in dissolution, tradition is permanent and alive. It is not from any desire to perpetuate the *past* that the style of centuries ago is renewed again and again . . . but because, despite their love of novelty, the Balinese have not really learnt any new attitudes, and cannot imagine a present which does not clothe itself in those which are immemorial. The gesture-language, the attitudes of the Balinese stage to-day, can be paralleled in the oldest stone figures in the temples, because the ritual knowledge which created the one still directs the other. . . . The imagination of the audience as well as the skill of the dancer animates the forms and lives in the familiar ritual which is bound by indissoluble links to the ritual of their own life. A " well-bred " knowledge of behaviour is perhaps always the basis of enduring dance-technique. It necessarily excludes the idea, which is after all quite a new one even with us, that the dancer should express " him-self." Such an idea has something of nakedness about it. . . . In Bali, as elsewhere in the East, the dancer is possessed by his rôle. He lets the dance *dance* and functions only as a vehicle of the dance, and the measure of his success as a dancer is no doubt the degree to which he is possessed.

This fusion of the artist and the material in which he works (the authors proceed to explain) " does not operate directly, or by a kind of subjective inspiration." Dancing in Bali is an exact science, though the interpretation of individual executants may vary, while its origins can always be traced to religion or magic. Yet the form itself has never become rigidly conventional and, since the Balinese have achieved a degree of culture that, while endowing them with an exquisite sensibility, has definitely restricted their range of interests, continues to blossom out into lovely and surprising modes. Ghosts must still be appeased, gods propitiated; and thus to-day, as five hundred years ago, there are the dances of offering, held in the precincts of the village temple, where the long files of dancers, clad in over-skirts of purple, green or red, crowned with trembling head-dresses of golden flowers, sway back and forth beneath the shadow of the ancestral shrine:

> They stood facing the huge bamboo structure on which, so high as to be almost out of sight, were the ancestor images, among fluttering leaves and painted birds and streamers and swinging palm-tassels. Throughout each file the dancers were linked by their yellow sashes, held in their left hand, while the right arm drooped and rose to shoulder height, and all the time they changed very slowly from foot to foot, and so smoothly that they seemed like a sea of calm waters softly swelling. This feeling of a faintly washing tide was deepened by the way each wave or row in turn fell back to make room for the next, after four changes from foot to foot, during which they advanced ever so slightly up the ground towards the high estallage of the ancestors.

Equally devotional in their atmosphere are the numerous *Baris*, which partake both of the ritual dance and the mock battle, the trance-performances, in which the dancers whirl and gesticulate like the priests of Cybele, menacing themselves and their fellows with naked dirks, the *Sanghyang*, where adolescent girls and boys, previously intoxicated by music and the fumes of incense, glide with closed eyelids through elaborate dreamy measures, to collapse exhausted as soon as the dance is over, the wild *Ketjak*, where male dancers impersonate monkeys and lose their human identity in a crescendo of fierce excitement.

Within the compass of a brief review it is possible to mention only three or four, and then only the most obvious and most sensational, of the many fascinating dances explained and described in this brilliantly written book. The text itself is lucid and detailed yet extremely evocative. Miss de Zoete has accomplished the unusual feat of both describing a dance and making us feel it, of explaining its traditions and purport yet conveying its atmosphere. The illustrations throughout are extraordinarily beautiful, whether we select the swaying hypnotic files of the various *Redjang*, the dramatic chairoscuro of the three *Ketjaks*, where muscular fire-lit bodies and a forest of extended arms and bent-back fingers emerge flickering, from a background of jungle darkness, or the pictures of the *Barong*, a kind of mythical pantomime elephant, with grinning mask, waving tail and fantastic draperies. Of the hundred and twelve photographs, not one could be spared; and it seems a pity that twice the number have not been included—so admirable is the photography and so vivid the impression they leave. Here is a volume that will make a special appeal to anthropologists and balletomanes, but will delight any reader who combines imagination and sensibility.

Brent Geese, Flighting. *Peter Scott.*

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A FRENCH COMPOSER

Georges Bizet. By MARTIN COOPER. *Oxford.* 7s. 6d.

What is it that makes Bizet's best music so delightful, so infinitely unboring—that puts, for instance, *Carmen* and *L'Arlésienne* in a position where criticism seems somehow out-of-place? One likes Bizet as one likes tobacco or a particular pudding: something that one must have, from time to time, for one's well-being. Unlike the great Germans, he stirs no depths; unlike Berlioz, he neither poses nor solves musical problems; unlike Debussy's, his music has no particular sensuous beauty. Yet to sneer at Bizet as second-rate, or "light," is to damn yourself as no true musician. Why exactly is this?

Mr. Cooper has not posed this question directly, but the excellence of his little book (it is hardly more than a long essay) seems to me to lie chiefly in the fact that one puts it down feeling that its good sense, its tempered enthusiasm, and its sound musicianship have combined to answer the question satisfactorily. To begin with, he draws a clear and convincing picture of the man himself: irascible, rather naive, lacking in self-confidence. Like many great French artists, Bizet's personality seems on the surface to have been rather colourless. As Mr. Cooper says, in an acute paragraph, he was no revolutionary, but he belonged to the type "who, like Rameau and Fauré, instinctively innovate within the traditional forms." Like all hasty people, his taste was indiscriminate: adoring Mozart, he yet allowed a worship of Gounod to spoil what might otherwise have been a masterpiece—the early opera, *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*. And his eventual appreciation of Verdi's genius came too late to be of any service to the development of his own. Had it been the other way round, *Carmen* might well have been just as enchanting as it is, but better constructed.

Mr. Cooper certainly does right to call our attention to the excellence of *Djamileh*, a one-act opera the reputation of which outside France has probably suffered more from the rather tiresomely French character of the libretto than from any dullness in the music. (Amateurs of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, please take notice!) Bizet's "unfailing sense of style" enabled him to treat exotic subjects with that extraordinary rightness which must be one of the secrets of our delight in his music. His most characteristic pages are like those canvases by Ingres which look, at first glance, like any oleograph; but look again, and you perceive an indubitable masterpiece. One has only to think of the Interlude and Adagietto from *L'Arlésienne* to realise at once how near these pieces are to the sentimental Victorian *morceau de salon*, and yet how far they are from the latter by virtue of true feeling and delicacy of expression.

Mr. Cooper gives very full accounts of the operas, but elsewhere in the book I feel that a desire for brevity has led to cursoriness—as for instance in the passage where he refers to Bellini and Donizetti as "the best of a bad lot of Italian operatic composers"—as if even those two masters were really no great shakes! If he had devoted less space to describing what happens in *Carmen* (which everybody knows), and more to the detailed elaboration of his criticism, his book would have been even more valuable than it is. And if it is reprinted, he would do well to correct the slip on page 28, where Massenet's "Mignon" is referred to: it should, of course, be "Manon."

The summing-up must be quoted:

> His tragedy lay in the fact that he developed late and died young, so that he had only a few years of maturity. His gifts, even when fully developed, were unspectacular, for they were typically French and, for that very reason, easy to under-estimate.

Mr. Cooper has neither over- nor under-estimated them, and therein lies the value of his essay, which is a model of its kind.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

FORMS OF MODERN OPTIMISM

The Psychology of Social Movements. By PRYNS HOPKINS. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

The spate of books on psycho-analysis by which America is still engulfed has recently shown signs of receding from our shores (from Vienna, I suppose, it has ebbed altogether), but from time to time a psycho-analytic swallow still lingers into the winter of our discontents to remind us that the seeds of evil are sown in the womb and watered in the nursery, and that to know ourselves, more particularly that part of ourselves which is unconscious and, one would have supposed, could not, therefore, be known, is the beginning of all wisdom and the cure of all ills. Such books are the modern equivalents of the nineteenth century sermon. Like it, they are inspired by high moral purpose; like it, they seek to reform human nature; and, like it, they contain a recipe for human betterment. But while the preachers bade us confess our sins and repent, the psycho-analysts recommend us to recognise our instincts and to sublimate.

Dr. Pryns Hopkins, to do him justice, does not believe that self-recognition is enough. Psycho-analysis, he tells us, "is no cure for man's totality of troubles," and proceeds to liken modern man to a swimmer in a choppy sea. Tied to his back there is a heavy weight, the burden of unresolved psychological disorders, neuroses, complexes and the rest, the legacy of a mis-educated childhood. "Analysis," he says, "is a knife which can liberate him from his burden. It cannot teach him to swim, it cannot teach him to reach land." Once the burden is cut away, then, and not till then, he can begin to work out his own salvation. This is moderate enough; unfortunately, Dr. Pryns Hopkins does not long rest content with his own moderation, and presently we find him claiming to have shown that psycho-analysis is an instrument not only "for the detection," but also "for the cure of ills from which mind could suffer." It can even, it appears, give us the most important of all the goods which man can enjoy, the good of "Inner Peace," the way to attain which is not to find God, to do one's duty, to give oneself to a creed or a cause, or to lose oneself in the service of some over-mastering enthusiasm, but simply to persuade "the world to accept the technique which the science of psychology has placed at its disposal."

Dr. Hopkins's book has two purposes: the first, psychological, to analyse human nature with a view to discovering its fundamental desires, needs and purposes; the second, sociological, to apply the knowledge so gained in order to effect an improvement in human society, it being accepted that the criterion of improvement is the promotion of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The book follows familiar lines. There is, to begin with, a list of man's fundamental impulses divided into two categories. First, there are the *ego* impulses which are associated with the erotogenic zone of the body. These are sub-divided

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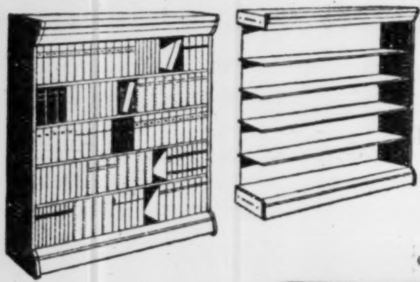

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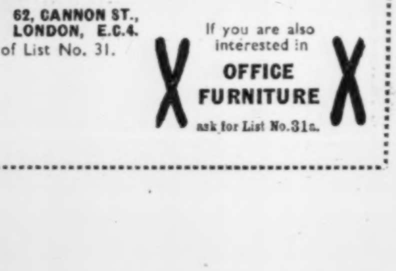

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into oral impulses, connected with the activity of the mouth and the digestive tract (these provoke Dr. Hopkins to the expression of some, to me, novel and remarkable views on the evil of smoking, our addiction to which is derived from our pleasure in sucking at the breast), anal impulses, connected with defaecation, masochistic impulses, which lead us to seek pain at the hands of others, and impulses connected with the urethral and genital zones. There are also narcissistic impulses, described as self-loving, and scoptophilic and exhibitionistic impulses, which prompt us to look and to be looked at. Secondly, there are allo-erotic or other-regarding impulses—the division between these and the self-regarding is not always as clear as could be wished—sub-divided into homosexual, heterosexual and antagonistic, the latter being the impulses of fear and jealousy.

Dr. Hopkins then proceeds to an analysis of the fundamental needs of man. These are pronounced to be six. They are the needs of knowledge, of sensory experience, of inner peace (the achievement of which apparently depends entirely upon the establishment of a right relation between the child and its family), of family and love life, of material possessions and of security from violence. With these simple tools in his hand, Dr. Pryns Hopkins sets out to diagnose the ills of society. It is not hard to guess the lines of the diagnosis. Why, for instance, do we not agree as to the right economic background of society, and the right way to achieve it? Because our reasons are not free; they are biased by "deep-seated psychological malaises of which consciously we may be wholly ignorant." Why do men like war? War is the result of a complex of impulses. There is, for instance, homosexuality—we like contact with a lot of other men; there are also masochism, sadism, and the Œdipus complex. How does the Œdipus complex come in? Well, a man begins by hating his father because he is jealous of him; then he transfers his hatred to schoolmasters and policemen; then, with immense gusto, to some object that everybody agrees in disliking, in fact to the enemy. Hence people enjoy wars because they afford an outlet for their accumulations of hatred.

Possibly, possibly not. But what then? For what, we want to know, is to be done? Apparently very little. We must realise the importance of the first years of life, since "whatever happens to any of us after childhood, however catastrophic it may seem, is negligible in its effects compared with the apparently trivial things that happen in infancy." This leads to the practical recommendation

> immediately, child psychology could and should be taught at all maternity clinics and other centres . . . Presently, facilities could be created and strong pressure brought on kindergarten and primary school teachers to be psycho-analysed. In those families whose children are likely to come into directorships or public affairs, there should be found superior, well-paid nursemaids of whom the same qualification would be expected.

And that, apparently, is all. Yet, as a result of the adoption of these rather simple measures "oppression, cruelty, suffering and emotional agony could be drastically reduced in our lives. Peace could reign and the stupid anomalies of want in the midst of plenty would disappear." "Here," in fact, "in a nutshell" is the groundwork of a new society, a new world."

The foregoing does credit to Dr. Pryns Hopkins's faith. How one wishes that he could have persuaded one to share it. Mankind in the course of its history has been saved by many things, by religion, by reason, by science, by economics; the newest comer to the ranks of "man-savers" is psycho-analysis. Yet in spite of having been saved so often, mankind apparently remains incorrigible. Nor are the sociological effects of the latest recipe for salvation encouraging. Who brought up their children quite abominably, breaking every law in the psychologist's handbook, and by their pruderies and repressions laying the seeds of every sin in the psycho-analytic calendar? The Victorians. Yet Victorian society was reasonably humane and moderately reasonable. What is more, it advanced in respect of the qualities of humanity and reasonableness as the century proceeded. Above all, it managed to avoid war, so that to look back upon the pre-war era is, for those of us who can remember it, to look back upon a golden age.

Who have been exposed to the full force of modern psycho-analytical theories? The post-war parents of Austria and Republican Germany. They at least might have been expected to pay some small attention to the teaching of Freud, to have put into practice, however spasmodically and over however small an area, the principles of psycho-analytic education. With what result? In Central Europe a process of decivilisation is visibly afoot, and the generation now coming to maturity has, in respect of mental docility, physical ferocity and brutality, made a reputation for itself which would have horrified the repressed and complex-ridden Victorians. Is it perhaps the case that the problem of human conduct is a little more complicated than Dr. Pryns Hopkins would have us think, and that evil, which may quite possibly be endemic in man, is not to be exorcised by free facilities for anal inspection in the nursery? C. E. M. Joad

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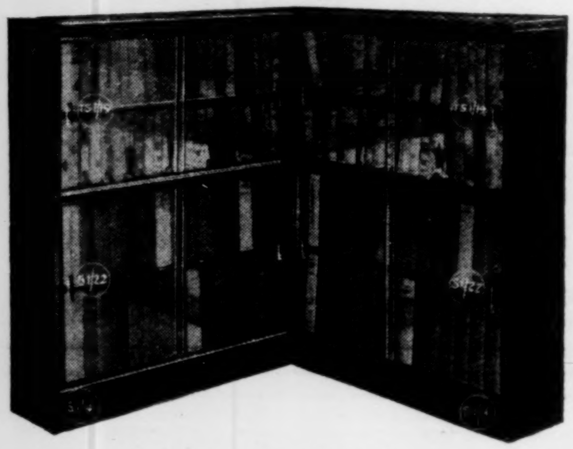

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Pillar to Post; or the Pocket Lamp of Architecture. By Osbert Lancaster. *John Murray.* 5s.

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Mr. Richards' book is an abridgment and re-writing of Nathaniel Lloyd's *History of the English House* (1931), with additions. It begins with a priest's cell at Dingle (c. 700) and ends with a house near Kingston by Maxwell Fry (1937). The illustrations are all lively and besides the obvious things that a good text-book should include—Stokesay Castle, Compton Wynyates, Blenheim Palace and the Royal Crescent, Bath—there are enlightening and more discursive ones, like the weather-boarded cottages in Kent, the detail of a Regency balcony, houses in Lloyd Square, Islington, Pugin's Scarisbrick Hall and a typical new housing estate. The explanatory notes are good, dealing (as the author says in his introduction) with the "evolution of the English house not as a series of unaccountable changes in design, but as a series of effects traceable to comprehensible human causes." The book

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is well produced, has a bibliography and an index, and for its size and price could hardly be better. Its moral tone is subdued, though it is implicit in the text and choice of illustrations. The tone, which is also Mr. Lancaster's, is this: gentle, rather tired, admiration for the medieval; tolerance of everything else till the eighteenth century; enthusiasm for that and the early nineteenth; amusement, sometimes distressed and sometimes delighted, at the Victorian; and expectancy for the twentieth century.

Mr. Lancaster is a loud, and funny, moralist. He points out that "all over the country one finds railway stations disguised as Norman keeps, rubber factories masquerading as Egyptian temples, green-houses dressed up to look like the Sainte-Chapelle," and he draws them all wittily, and calls them "Pont Street Dutch," "Banker's Georgian," "By-Pass Variegated," and so on. As a moralist he has that admirable quality of being violently in love with the objects of his attack. From the whole range of architecture of all dates and countries (which he makes a pretence of dealing with) more than half his subjects have been run up in England since 1840. This is an excellently unbalanced view to take, for they are the buildings we bump into every day. Mr. Lancaster adores them all, and has the power, with his scratchy pen, of registering their features much more accurately, and of making their presence felt much more acutely than Herbert Railton or Hugh Thomson. He should immediately be made president of a Society for the Protection of the Wimbledon Transitional Villa, and the encouragement of Newe Worlde building.

Seeing how much he likes them, some of his writing is a little misleading. He ought to deal more tolerantly, for instance, with his spiritual godfather, Ruskin, "whose distinction it was," he says, "to express in prose of unparalleled grandeur thought of an unparalleled confusion." And since he was bequeathed the Albert Memorial by Auden and MacNeice in *Letters from Iceland* he should have more grace than to talk with too easy a wit of the "monstrous union" that begot it. The Albert Memorial has its points, in both senses; and anyone who feels rude about Ruskin at this late date should re-read Sir Kenneth Clark's chapter on him in *The Gothic Revival*. After all, Mr. Lancaster himself is one of the chief cogs in the wheel that has turned from the malicious humour of *Eminent Victorians* to the admiring patronage of *Sixty Glorious Years*. But his book is delightful, and a properly malignant appendix to his *Pelvis Bay*, which was all about Gothick and so on at the seaside.

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The Lawrence legend is only beginning. It is difficult to see yet how far it will reach. But I think it will expand in a way which to-day it is almost impossible to believe. I am rating it rather low if I say that I think he will be the best-remembered man of this century—of *any* nation.

To be remembered, when the civilisation in which you lived has vanished: to be the Flesh made Word: a man must be both extraordinary and ordinary: a summing (not an average, I *mean* a summing) of a wide and everlasting area of humanity.

It is difficult for me to say what I have to say lucidly, because it is rather out of the range of what a reviewer usually has to say; and the tongue stammers it. But you will see what I mean in contrasting an average to a summing, and calling Lawrence a *summing*, first, of the men who fought in the war, if I say that the Unknown Soldier is meant to be the *average* of the men who fought in the war.

Lawrence was a civilian suddenly flung into it, like so many. But his achievement, in the war-sphere, was as successful as a day-dream (what simple young soldier did not dream of just such a stepping-out-of-the-ranks, just such a decisive campaign won on his own in the very teeth of the professionals and the generals?). 1914: a young archaeologist. 1918: a Colonel, C.B., D.S.O., and (or so the papers said) Prince of Mecca, creator of one army and captor of another—without the loss of one English life. One of the ablest generals (a competent critic has since told us) of all time. About to be the father of three kingdoms. And then, this bright star of war was yet hollowed by a disillusion; not as great, no, far greater than that of any war poet. No soldier's hands were ever cleaner than his: no soldier ever won a campaign with fewer casualties among the enemy: but that hatred of the fruits of what he was doing which affected nearly every conscious fighting man was in him proportionate to his achievement. A lesser disillusion would have driven him to death in some desperate action. But his was too great a disillusion for that. That means, a very great disillusion.

If Lawrence's career had ended there, or taken a normal course from there, he would perhaps have been the summing of a generation. But that is not enough to be remembered alive, when the generation has passed. There have been many men, in the world's history, who have risen brilliantly on an emergency—there is nothing rare in that. But what Lawrence did next *is* rare. Other men, who have risen as high as he did, have either struggled higher or missed their hold and fallen. Lawrence neither struggled higher nor fell. He dived. He beat his way back into obscurity against greater opposition, both without and within, than he had faced when he beat his way to fame. To a level of obscurity lower than he had risen from. He used his brains to create a record of what he had done and been, itself without parallel among the autobiographies of action; and having completed that task, deliberately set out to kill his brain and his excelling. Not by a quick pistol-shot or by such physical means as drugs, but by the power of his will. You will see by the dull egotistic mediocrity of his last letters that he succeeded.

A man who excelled superlatively, and so hated his excelling that he strangled the power in him to excel. Did it so successfully, that, in the end, he even seemed to begin to want it again.

It is difficult to find a parallel in all history to that—on the same scale. It is all very well for you and me to say that we have renounced the kingdoms of this world, that we have no wish to be in any dictator's shoes. But have we ever had the chance? Not only the opportunity, I mean to say, but the capacity? Has the Devil ever taken us up into a high place, and shown us the kingdoms? He had, to Lawrence.

It is that dive, in my belief, which singles out Lawrence, and will make his legend timeless. For it is a summing of something timeless. Every successful man has hated success, and hates it, and always will hate it. But no other successful man of modern times has ever escaped back from it: at least, not without help from others, not without throwing upon his enemies the burden of his defeat.

There are those who say that Lawrence's death in a casual accident was inappropriate. I think you will not say that if you read again the hundredth chapter of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom.* For there you will see the peculiar complexity of Lawrence's abnegation. The Devil had taken him into a high place, and offered him the kingdoms of the world and he had refused. Yes; but that, I seem to remember, has happened before. . . . Then the Devil took him into a higher place—a cross—and offered him that: and he refused that too.

For the man who has renounced a cross, knowing why he did it, is a skidding motor cycle an inappropriate end?

* * *

You may think that by over-simplification I am exaggerating to an hysterical degree. Of course I am! I am doing it willingly, because I am trying to foresee the shape which the Lawrence legend will take: and why it will take it. I agree, however, that no simplified theory of Lawrence can in fact fail to be misleading, because there were so many men in that one carcase.

I knew him at his middle period, in 1920–21: when he was living partly at All Souls, and partly in London, and the suicide inwards had been determined upon but not begun. At that time you met plenty of people who were ready to tell you (all differently) what Lawrence was really like. They had seen through this layer or that, and underneath the "real" Lawrence was so-and-so. Well, you can do that with some men: peel off the skin, like the skin of an apple, and see the flesh of the fruit. But Lawrence was built more like an onion—where for every skin you peel off there is another underneath, for-ever-and-ever-Amen. There was no getting—then—at any "true" Lawrence.

But at that time at any rate (I cannot speak for any other period), his company had that peculiar quality of greatness, the quality once summed up so naively but so revealingly in the words "It is good for us to be here!" I have a memory which retains almost nothing of the life which flows by me. I can hardly remember five or six other incidents out of nearly four years at Oxford. But I can remember quite clearly every time that I was in Lawrence's company.

Bear in mind that I was as ignorant an undergraduate as could be found: I had hardly heard of him, before I met him. But one night in the summer of '21 he talked (for some reason or other) to three or four of us continuously for several hours, telling us the whole story of his life from childhood. The story, part of which became known later in *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, and part of which has only appeared now in these *Letters*. In spite of my unusual powers of forgetting, I think everything that

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he said then has remained in my memory. I recognised each incident, as it was published later. There is only one exception, one incident that I have not yet seen in print. He told us that in his Carchemish days, before the war, he was searching Aleppo for ancient objects, and stumbled one day into the house of a curio-dealer rather hurriedly—to find himself in the middle of a Secret Society meeting of Syrian Arabs (the Fetah, I suppose). At first they were very frightened of him; but he got their confidence, and so learned something of the secret Arab organisations in the Turkish Empire before ever the storm broke. That story may have appeared in print before: I do not know. I have not seen it.

At the time of Lawrence's enlistment Robert Graves wrote "The Clipped Stater." The fable of this poem was that Alexander, deified by his troops, had not died; but had himself translated to China by Djinns, and served there as a common soldier on the frontier. When, after many years, the arrears of pay came up, Alexander was paid in one of his own coin—a Stater, much clipped, which had somehow found its way across Central Asia.

Graves was right. It was impossible for Lawrence to escape wholly from his own past. His friends in the ranks mostly seem to have known who he was—or rather, who he had been. But it does not seem to have discommoded their relationship: or been more than a subject for mild barrack-room teasing. It was the world outside which was discommoded: the Authorities, Parliament, the world at large. For several years he was turned out of the Air Force, as if his presence might burn a hole in it. Later, when living the life of the most humdrum aircraftsman in India, he was turned out of India as if he might explode it. To such an extent had his dive, even in his lifetime, begun to propel the legend!

One cannot help wondering what might have happened if Lawrence, having reached his temporal height, had—like most men—tried to rise higher. He might have succeeded, of course, or he might not. He would have made some mistakes; for though he had genius he was not a god. (In Near-Eastern affairs, though he correctly predicted the resurrection of Turkey, he much underrated Ibn Saud—as Ibn Saud later underrated him: and he much overrated, like so many of us, the part which Anglo-French imperial rivalry would play in post-war world affairs.) But of one thing you can be certain: whatever further height Lawrence might have risen to (speaking in terms of Downing Street, or the next war) it is unimaginable that he would not now have been thought a littler man than he is thought to-day.

It may seem odd that in reviewing these *Letters* I have hardly referred to them; and quoted none of them. They are good letters: but not much more. They are not important as separate pieces of writing. Their importance is cumulative, for the light they throw on the extraordinary and complex character of the man who wrote them. In that sense, they are one of the most important collections ever to be published. For Lawrence, as he himself knew, was not an artist. What is best in an artist's mind is externalised in works of art: you can see it, there, outside—it is mere idle curiosity to peer within. But not with Lawrence. If you would see the beautiful complexity of that intensely active mind you must look *into* it: and these letters, with *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, are the chief means of doing so.

This is, moreover, one of the best-edited volumes I have ever come across. The arrangement, the careful transcription, the short narrative links, are admirable. And for what wild wit can be contained in a bald factual footnote, you must see page 399!

RICHARD HUGHES

NEW NOVELS

Henri Quatre. By HEINRICH MANN. *Secker and Warburg.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Bitter Victory. By LOUIS GUILLOUX. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Little Steel. By UPTON SINCLAIR. *Werner Laurie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Angry Man's Tale. By PETER DE POLNAY. *Secker and Warburg.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Down Mangel Street. By MABEL CONSTANDUROS. *Lane.* 6*s.*

The historical novel is the bastard of literary forms and, with a few notable exceptions, usually ends by betraying both its parents. It is not an attractive vehicle for creative writing, and one can often detect special motives in the novelists who make the attempt. Some merely want purple patches to cover their lack of invention, some genuinely love the past but are bored by the labour of scholarship, and some want to describe their own lives without offending their friends and relations. Herr Mann belongs to a fourth class, the avoiders of issues and tellers of hopeful parables. "Henry IV," he writes, "was a Protestant like myself. He lived in times of religious struggle, as we live in times of national revolution. And by the strength of his character and by the favour of fortune he overcame his enemies and proved a saviour to his country." He also betrayed his followers to further his ambition, and laid the foundations of the most ruthless and corrupt despotism in Europe.

If, in spite of everything, *Henri Quatre* is a fine piece of descriptive writing, it is all the more regrettable that Herr Mann's hero-worship should have made his book suspect as history and inadequate as a novel. For before you make Henry IV a hero, there is such a lot to explain away. It is true that he was resolute, brave in battle, and, apparently, tolerant in advance of his time; but he was also a mental coward, a sentimental debauchee, and a self-seeking careerist who thought Paris well worth what he used to pretend were his principles. The trouble with Herr Mann is that his love of the dramatic frequently obscures his historical sense and leads him to sponsor old, and invent new, stories that are clearly untrue, however much one would like to believe them. It is just possible that the ageing, austere Philip of Spain was momentarily moved by the sight of a plump, painted harlot from his study window; but that he rose from Absolution and ordered his Father Confessor to fetch her in and give her what price she asked, fits neither his morals, his times, nor his parsimony. Equally, I cannot readily believe that Queen Elizabeth flung herself down in the presence of the French Ambassador and wept hysterically for the naughty rebelliousness of the Earl of Essex. Herr Mann, I think, is trying to enhance the dubious greatness of his hero by discrediting that of his two royal rivals, and the crudity of his method indicates the lack of his success. As the propaganda taints the history, so the history mars the novel, leaving Henry as neither humanist cynic, Renaissance neurotic nor political opportunist, but presenting

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instead a heavily Teutonic, self-tortured hero with puzzled ideals of enlightened nationalism. *Henri Quatre* is worth criticising at such length because, taken as a whole, it is a moving and impressive book. The author can paint a crowd scene as well as anyone living, and when he is not preoccupied with justifying individuals can vividly convey the everyday melodrama of an age in which the victors were wreathed in roses, and the vanquished broken on wheels, to the equally joyous plaudits of equally tearful crowds. *Henri Quatre* is still a good story without the King of Navarre; one only regrets that Herr Mann's historical allegory was so hampered by the facts of history.

Bitter Victory (originally published as *Le Sang Noir*) is a brutally vigorous caricature of a small provincial town during the third year of the Great War. From the Front come rumours of mutiny and slaughter; at home, the elderly patriots and petty profiteers scheme, slander, swindle and round-up recruits with the blind, scurrying fervour of Kapek's beetles. For most of them war is no more than a distant thunder with promise of increased self-importance, an excuse for pompous condolences and ostentatious self-sacrifice. The young and unimportant who provide the material for newspaper heroics and obituary notices are no more than a distant chorus to the closer realities of business and municipal intrigue. M. Guilloux has had the courage to make all his principal characters revoltingly or pathetically unpleasant. The evil genius of the town is the oily, prying, cunning Nabucet, with nose thrust jealously into everyone's affairs, happy if he can fawn on a dignitary or gaily persecute a subordinate. Opposed to him is Cripure, the teacher of philosophy, a nasty, pathetic old man, whose physical deformities, filthy habits, immense erudition and persecution mania make him the mock and admiration of his fellow-teachers. These two are the centres of the scene, and around them revolve a circle of minor monstrosities; the lecherous captain, the bombastic poet, the crazy old boarding-house keeper, and a dozen other eccentrics and unhappy misfits. There are, indeed, a few "good" characters, but, in contrast to Greek convention, pleasant events usually happen off stage. It is very difficult shortly to express the peculiar power and effect of *Bitter Victory*. There is no coherent plot, although the lives of several characters come to a climax in the twenty-four hours covered by the action; and no general purpose save to symbolise in various instances the evil and dangerous decay of a useless generation. Such a theme and treatment is by no means uncommon in the post-war novel, but M. Guilloux is remarkable for the fertile spite with which he depicts his puppets. He is a brilliant caricaturist in the old tradition, and his writing has the vivid, earthy malice of a Rowlandson print. *Bitter Victory* is as limited and specialised as a machine-gun, but, in its own fashion, it is a masterpiece.

Mr. Sinclair was sixty this September and, by a happy coincidence, *Little Steel* is his sixtieth book. Statistically, we learn from his bibliography, he is the most important living writer in the world. His works have been translated into forty-seven languages, including Krim-Tartar, Cyrillian, Esperanto and Gujurati, his Russian sales alone top 2½ million, and in Western Australia he is 50 per cent. more popular than Dumas, Edgar Wallace or W. M. Thackeray. His multitudinous readers include Einstein, Gandhi, Dewey, the ex-Kaiser and at least one Chinese Communist prisoner ("Note: This prisoner was executed, but his soul goes marching on"), while when *Singing Jailbirds* was performed in England Miss Ellen Wilkinson "was so deeply moved by the play that she could not speak." Mr. Sinclair, in fact, is a social phenomenon of first-rate importance, and if we judge by the number of his admirers is going to have considerably more influence than Plato, Rousseau or Kant. *Little Steel* is "a compelling picture of labour and entrenched wealth at the crossroads," but fails to make clear either their character or their destination. For some reason—possibly as a result of writing for Tadjiks and Tartars—Mr. Sinclair has lost the flaming indignation that inspired *Oil* and *The Jungle*, and only retained their rather naive sentimentalism. To present the class-war as bouts of hearty horse-play between a kindly old capitalist, a wicked financial shark and the old capitalist's pretty radical daughter, with sentiment getting on top in the last round, is unlike the old Mr. Sinclair, and will be of very little help to the cause of humanity. Perhaps to be widely effective the propaganda novel has to appeal to the twopenny-library public, and perhaps its millions of readers will find *Little Steel* more inspiring than cowboy stories. But I should feel very sorry for a condemned Chinese Communist who spent his last hours reading it.

Angry Man's Tale is tragedy in a minor key, and if Mr. de Polnay never pulls out the stops and lets the primitive passions thunder, he plays very delicately on the more sophisticated affections. His hero is that common and faintly ludicrous tragic figure, the man deserted by a stupid, commonplace, worthless young woman, yet finding her as essential to his happiness as whiskey to a dipsomaniac. The fruitless enquiries for letters, the absurd arguments, the ridiculous degradations of a love where mind and emotions pull in opposite directions, are suggested with a satiric simplicity that even the borrowings from Hemingway cannot rob of its effect. Connie, the cause of the trouble, is a delightful example of the almost fantastic self-righteousness that seems the peculiarly feminine vice:

> "Yes," I said, and then because I just had to say it, "how could you have left me?"
>
> "Oh please, darling, don't begin. Not at once, please." Then her eyes clouded. "I must have been mad." But as she said that she looked satisfied. She said it quite importantly. As importantly as if she had disclosed the historical truth which nobody had hitherto known, that Shakespere was the son of Queen Elizabeth . . .

Angry Man's Tale is a slight and unpretentious novel but, in what it sets out to depict, amusing and wholly convincing.

Down Mangel Street is derived from Miss Constanduros' broadcast impersonations, and those who enjoyed her in that medium will probably like her book. Personally, I find jokes about poverty and bad education rather embarrassing reading, and see nothing very amusing in stories called "The Sykerlogical Moment" or "Hairlooms." It seems fairest to say that Miss Constanduros, though usually better than *Punch*, is not as good as W. W. Jacobs; and that her book is a pleasant specimen of what I find a somewhat unpleasant kind of humour.

JOHN MAIR

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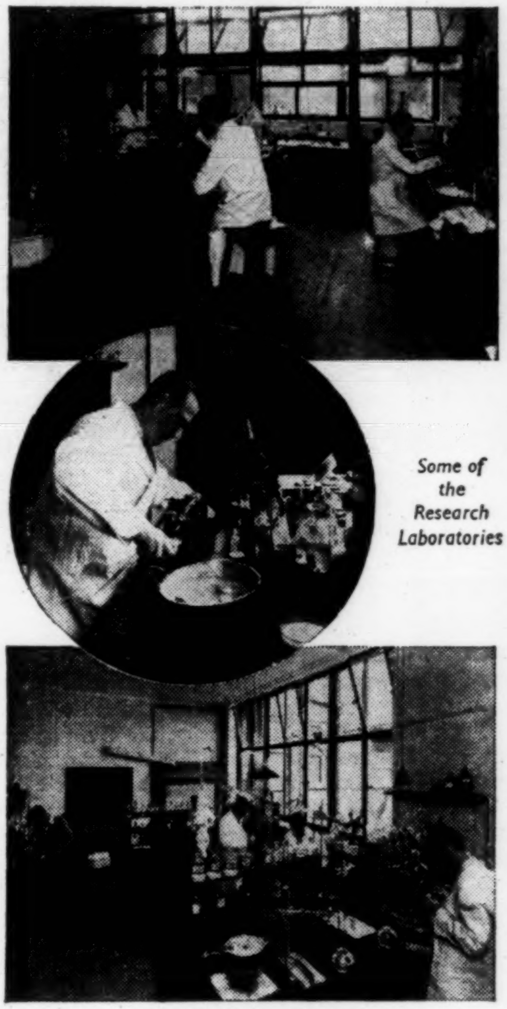

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VICTORY IN DEFEAT

Brest-Litovsk. By JOHN WHEELER-BENNETT. *Macmillan.* 21s.

Allied Propaganda and Collapse of German Empire in 1918. By GEORGE G. BRUNTZ. *Oxford Press.* 16s.

Lenin. By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

We are inclined to-day to overrate the military factor in the determination of foreign policy. Bluffed and defeated for five years by Nazi diplomacy we excuse ourselves by exaggerating our unpreparedness and the power of the dictatorships. In so doing we overlook the essential fact that the Nazi military strength has never been tested, and that all Hitler's victories have been won by propaganda and against the advice of his generals.

There can be no better antidote to this defeatism than the study of the negotiations leading up to "the forgotten peace" of Brest-Litovsk. In the winter of 1917 the Bolshevik regime faced the full strength of the German Eastern Command. It had gained power by a promise of immediate peace, and its revolutionary propaganda had entirely destroyed the Russian army. What resistance could it offer to the Germans? Both Lenin and Trotsky realised to the full the futility of men like Bukharin who preached a revolutionary war in such conditions. They must capitulate to the Germans, and yet their capitulation must ultimately lead to the defeat and conquest of their conquerors.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett tells the story in all its detail. As in his study of Hindenburg, he has not been content with the written sources, but has collected the personal impressions of many of the participants. He has a flair for contemporary history, and his portraits of Hoffmann, Czernin and Kühlmann will be of lasting value. That his characterisation of the Russians is not so convincing is only natural. You cannot get inside the skin of a Bolshevik without more sympathy for Marxism than Mr. Wheeler-Bennett can muster. As a result his respect for Lenin constantly inclines him to a quite unwarranted belief that Lenin was a "realist" who saw through "world-revolution" and already in 1918 was content to defend the revolution in Russia. There is no doubt that Lenin was more realistic than Trotsky, but it is equally indubitable that up to the summer of 1920 he still believed that the proletariat of the West would rise against their governments. Mr. Hollis, whose plain man's biography of Lenin is much more unsympathetic, does not make this mistake. Though he cannot help admiring his courage, he regards Lenin as "a little mad," which is the plain man's way of saying he was a revolutionary genius. But even a plain man need not be quite so surprised that a revolutionary may be a loving son and husband. Mr. Hollis just cannot get over the fact that Lenin, the ruthless visionary, had what he quaintly calls "bourgeois affections." But then it is really unreasonable to expect sensible Englishmen to believe that a Marxist can also be sane. In this predicament Mr. Hollis plumps for insanity, while Mr. Wheeler-Bennett inclines to the view that Lenin was too great to be a Marxist. Both happen to be wrong.

For the real fascination of Brest-Litovsk is that in those negotiations the old imperialist strategy was for the first time confronted with a revolutionary strategy which cared nothing for frontiers or national advantages. The Germans were seeking to impose a peace which would give them immediate access to the corn of the Ukraine and a permanent suzerainty over Eastern Europe. Lenin knew that he must in the end accept any terms they liked to impose, but he was determined to use the negotiations in order to expose to the world, and in particular to the German working-classes, the imperialist aims of their rulers. In a sense, the more Russia lost, the better it was, because those losses would each of them destroy the legend that Germany was fighting a defensive war. None of the Bolsheviks, except Lenin, was "mad" enough to see this. Their unconscious patriotism, roused by the loss of Russian territories, was rationalised either into Bukharin's demand for a revolutionary war or Trotsky's middle way of "no war no peace." Only Lenin saw that a complete German victory as realised in the final terms was necessary in order to break the loyalty of the German worker to his Social Democratic leaders and thus to produce the possibility of revolution in Germany.

The German generals were outwitted throughout the negotiations. Entirely failing to understand the dangers of Bolshevik propaganda, they agreed to an exchange of prisoners, permitted fraternisation of the troops, and, disregarding Kühlman's warnings, banged the mailed fist on the table when they thought Trotsky had talked long enough. Even after peace had been signed, they permitted a Soviet Embassy in Berlin to organise revolution in Germany. By ruthlessly conquering Eastern Europe, they became themselves the best propaganda for Bolshevism among their own half-starved, war-weary peoples. "The stab in the back" was not given by the Socialists at home in Germany, but by the High Command in its moment of intoxicated triumph. Brest-Litovsk disillusioned the Germans and incidentally finally pushed President Wilson into complete support of a war to the death. Indirectly Lenin's diplomacy contributed enormously to the final victory of the Allies.

This analysis is confirmed by Dr. Bruntz' conscientious researches into Allied propaganda. Surprisingly, he makes no sharp distinction between Allied and Revolutionary propaganda, but the facts which he collects show that Northcliffe only began to achieve real successes after Brest-Litovsk. The effectiveness of the 14 Points and the attacks on German militarism were due to the incompatibility of the Treaty with any democratic principles; and it was only, when the March Offensive had failed, that Northcliffe succeeded. Then the Allies were able to exploit the Russian propaganda to the full.

One mistake common to all these books is the assumption that the Bolshevik plan of world-revolution was impracticable. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett underrates the political significance of the General Strike movement in Germany and Austria in the spring of 1918. Granted a German Trotsky, the German revolution of November could have been turned into a Communist revolution, ready to defy the Allied Powers to impose an Allied Brest-Litovsk upon Germany. As later events showed, there were plenty of German nationalists who preferred co-operation with Russia to fulfilment of Versailles; and it is probable that, if the Allied Generals had tried to invade a Communist Germany after the Armistice, they would have fared no better than the German High Command in the East. Now that Versailles has been destroyed, and Hitler is on the way to imposing a new Brest-Litovsk upon Eastern Europe, it is interesting to speculate whether the frustration of Lenin's plans was not a disaster in the long run for European peace. But then Mr. Hollis, like Mr. Lloyd George, and all other sensible people, knows that Lenin was a little mad.

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KINGSLEY MARTIN

(Editor of "The New Statesman and Nation")

THIS PAMPHLET attempts to clarify the issues involved in the present controversy about the Freedom of the Press. It explains briefly what this freedom is that we are summoned to defend and why this old controversy has assumed a new importance in the present political circumstances. Secondly, in dealing with the restrictions good and bad under which the Press now works, it gives a detailed examination of the provisions of the Official Secrets Acts which are now so widely criticised. It is hoped that the section on the Official Secrets Acts, which has been prepared with the assistance of legal experts, will serve as a popular textbook in a controversy in which it is as easy for the attacking side to spoil its case by overstatement, as it is for official assurances to lull the public into believing that no danger exists.

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A CARD

Edgar Wallace: The Biography of a Phenomenon. By MARGARET LANE. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

It was desirable that the biographer of the world's second most famous author should be neither over-sympathetic nor altogether alien. An ordinary young journalist would have recorded, with dazed admiration, the scoops, the mass-production, the tempo, the flamboyance; a literary man without experience of the peculiar values of Fleet Street might well have seen him in a wholly contemptible light. Miss Lane's attitude, indulgent but unconcealing, is just right; having married into the Wallace family herself (perhaps all standard biographies should be entrusted to in-laws?), she has been able to compose a well-documented and consistent portrait. It was easy enough, no doubt, to reconstruct his later years, when he was the permanent lessee of Wyndham's and every bookstall (as someone remarked) became a Wallace collection; but his beginnings needed careful research, for they were wrapped in the foggy obscurity of the Thames-side.

Wallace was illegitimate (Edgar should have been his surname), the unwanted child of a third-rate touring actress, farmed out with the wife of a poor Billingsgate porter named Freeman. Miss Lane has unearthed wonderful photographs of the Freemans, and describes vividly the Victorian squalor of Rotherhithe, Bermondsey and Wapping: strong tea and bloaters, temperance reformers who indulged in periodical drinking bouts, rusty stop-cocks in the yards permanently locked by the authorities, but turned on once a day by an official on his rounds. The Thames water-side, with its warehouses, wharves and dank, slippery stairs, was the world from which sprang most of the good things in his work; his plays are full of exuberant Cockney humour set against a sinister background, and if he had possessed any moral or artistic integrity he might have made himself into an O'Casey of the East End. But once he had shaken himself free of poverty, he took an aggressively complacent view of social inequalities, writing, in the preface to his autobiography, "There cannot be much wrong with a society which made possible the rise either of J. H. Thomas or Edgar Wallace." All his life he was quite indifferent to questions of justice or injustice: sent out by the *Daily Mail* to investigate the truth of the Congo rubber atrocities exposed by Casement and Morel, he first expressed (in a local missionary journal) his horror at what he saw, then became bored by his unwonted attitude of social indignation, and when he got back to England denied that there was any evidence of *recent* ill-treatment of the natives. Twenty years later, he pooh-poohed the whole question, adding the characteristic rider that Casement was "a decadent of decadents." Instinctively, without conscious effort, he took the popular unthinking view of every situation or problem; and the war was not four days old before he had published a Ballad of Hate quite as thoroughgoing as the celebrated German Hymn:

> What of that tortured and mangled Louvain,
> The work of a decadent ape?
> What of the beasts without bowels or brain
> That you loosed to their orgy of rape?
> Hate us—we like it: from Things in your shape.

To read a long life of the man who wrote that is not perhaps very edifying? Well, it is instructive because he shared so many of the national prejudices, and entertaining because he was such a card. One cannot resist a man who sends a copy of his first novel to Joseph Chamberlain with "a hint . . . that if by any chance he could find some way of dragging in the *F.J.M.* into a political speech I should everlastingly be obliged to him." And then Miss Lane's sub-title is justified: Wallace was a prodigy. Not only in his extraordinary productivity (contrary to rumour, he wrote all his own works), but in the excessiveness, the sheer nimiety of his whole existence. There is, after all, something impressive about not being able to "jog along" on £50,000 a year—and that was his approximate income towards the end. His extravagance and thirst for power were, no doubt, a compensation for his youthful poverty and obscurity. He saw himself as a Caliph of the West, and was often generous so long as there was something dramatic, personal and unheralded about the act of generosity. He lost prodigiously on the Turf, keeping a string of indifferent horses, and making routine telephone bets to the extent of £100 a day; if he went to America it must be in the royal suite of the *Berengaria*. The confusion of his financial affairs became yearly more inextricable, and so the enormous volume of work had to be still further increased. The astonishing thing is that, in the middle of this tornado of production, he should have written (in four days) *On the Spot*, a brilliant study of the psychology of the Chicago gangster set in the framework of a perfectly constructed plot. (I wish someone would revive it.) The pressure at last reacted on his health, and his craving for power destroyed even his domestic happiness: he kept a watch on the movements of his second wife with the insane jealousy of a Proust. The end of the story is unhappy; he died in Hollywood, far away from his family, leaving no liquid assets, but £140,000 liabilities.

The truth about any human being is interesting, the truth about so extraordinary a figure as Wallace is fascinating. We feel that we are getting the truth from Miss Lane, but we also feel that we are getting too much of it. The South African detail is excessive, and the author has a habit of stopping every now and then to take a breath and look knowingly back at the past or forward to the future. Biographers should avoid this sort of sentence: "He had no suspicion, then, that the play which would follow *The Frightened Lady* into Wyndham's would be his last, and that he himself had only six months to live"; it simply spoils a good story. But what a good story it is.

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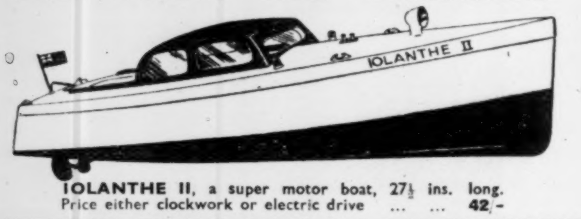

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Lord North. By W. BARING PEMBERTON. *Longmans.* 21s.

There is a reaction going against the denigratory school of biography which owed its origin to *Eminent Victorians.* The temporary eclipse of Lytton Strachey is mainly due to his imitators, who misinterpreted his object and travestied his method. Strachey was not a denigrator; his object was not to take the gilt off the gingerbread—on the contrary his defect as a biographer is over-fondness for the gilt and too little attention to the gingerbread. He was not out to knock the statues of great men off their pedestals or perches or to throw mud and tar at them, but he very deliberately destroyed the Victorian convention that no great man can be a drunkard or unfaithful to his wife or small-minded or a

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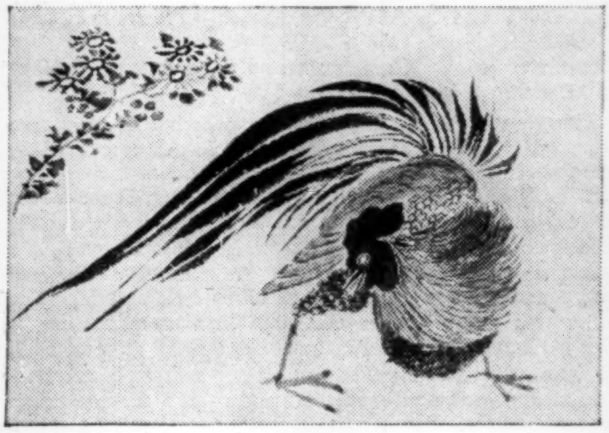

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bore, and that, even if he were, you shouldn't say so. Victoria, Arnold, Manning, Florence Nightingale, Gordon, are all very remarkable people in Strachey's pages, but he dwells lovingly upon their littleness as well as their greatness, and, writing with the Victorian chant "Let us now praise famous men" ringing in his ears, he got a legitimate artistic effect from the juxtaposition of littleness and greatness. His imitators, lacking his intelligence and his art, misunderstood his method; they jumped to the conclusion that there is nothing like mud, that biography should consist in "debunking" the truth, and that the only requirement in a biographer is an assumption that every great man was a little man unfaithful to his wife.

And now the circle has turned and we seem to be getting back to the Victorian tradition. The contemporary biographer, instead of saying that there is nothing like mud, says that there is nothing like whitewash. The figures of our great men are all being taken out of their cupboards again and all the spots are whitewashed over until they are as speckless as the Victorian saints. There is no end to the beatification and canonization of great men. But they don't stop at that. The greatest triumph is to find some second-rate politician, an imbecile king, or a tenth-rate general famous for his defeats, and then to canonize him, to prove that the judgment of history has been wrong, and that really at the worst he was a great man *manqué*.

Lord North is an admirable candidate for canonization and Mr. Pemberton has done his best for him. We all know that he was the Prime Minister who lost us America, and even Mr. Pemberton has to admit that during the twelve years during which the fortunes of the country were governed by Lord North and his Royal Master they reached a pretty low ebb. But, Lord bless you, that wasn't their fault. In any case we should have lost America, so that it was just as well to lose it. Liberty? Mere clap-trap of the Opposition—the history of England has been written by disgruntled Whigs. Royal corruption? Moonshine—George III was a constitutional monarch only doing what Newcastle did. North incompetent? Hm—well—of course—we must not judge the eighteenth century in terms of the twentieth—he had faults, who hasn't?—he could not make up his mind, and his mistakes were due to his always taking the advice of some one else—but after all no man can be Prime Minister for 12 years (even if he ruins the country in those twelve years) without having some kind of efficiency—and after all he was very efficient in managing the House of Commons—and after all he was a great patriot, absolutely loyal to his Royal Master whom he identified with the "country"—and after all his attitude to America was just the same as Abraham Lincoln's to the Southern Confederacy—and after all a Minister who declined to accept the usual Treasury perquisite of candles was not the kind of Minister who would be amenable to bribery—and after all what North was saying as Prime Minister was usually what nine out of ten Englishmen were saying in the coffee-houses and ale-houses, which shows how truly democratic was the government of George III and Lord North—and after all throughout those twelve years he was always resigning (unsuccessfully) and it was only his stern sense of duty which prevented him from enjoying what he really liked, retirement in the country with wife and family—and after all—hm—well—yes—after all?

LEONARD WOOLF

GERMANS IN THE CAMEROONS

Germans in the Cameroons, 1884-1914. By HARRY R. RUDIN. *Cape.* 15*s.*

Many people are asking to-day whether it was true that Germany proved herself unfit for colonial responsibility. As there is little material out of which to make an answer, they will turn to this book in the hope that here at last is some academic, objective and detailed evidence.

It is certainly detailed and academic. It is the work of a Yale associate professor, prefaced by an unusually emphatic and impressive account of the amount of material studied. The most interesting point here is that the German authorities allowed Mr. Rudin access to their colonial archives up to 1914, a liberality in which they are, I believe, unhappily unique. The result is a carefully documented book, an expanded doctoral dissertation, packed with new and important information. First comes an historical introduction, then a careful description of the Cameroons which does not, perhaps, do full justice to the interest of the tribes, or to the beauties of the country which are crowned by the Cameroons Mountain. There follows a detailed examination of the system of government, of the exploitation of the territory, and the treatment of the natives. We can watch the inexperienced Government grappling with the familiar problems of African administration in their first phase, law and order, land, labour, health, communications, missions. Most valuable is the chapter upon "home control." Here we distinguish the parts played by the Kaiser, the Chancellors, the Colonial Council, the Reichstag and the Colonial Ministry which issues rather belatedly out of the Foreign Office. Almost more important than the official institutions is the Colonial Society, vigorously propagandist, with its Economic Committee stimulating and directing commercial interest upon the Cameroons.

Much of this is new and all of it is most valuable as concentrated within the story of a single territory. In treatment, however, the trained historian seems to struggle with the apologist and the latter's comments tempt the reviewer to follow him into the lists where he is taking up Germany's cause. His challenge is, indeed, trumpeted in the preface, that "Germany's colonial accomplishments . . . constitute a record of unusual achievement and entitle her to a very high rank as a successful colonial power, a view quite different from that reached in 1919." I doubt whether even the most impartial reader will find the historian's evidence sufficient support for the apologist's opinion. Admittedly it is difficult to find standards of judgment. The main test must be that of comparison with other and, of course, contemporary European administrations. This is not used by Mr. Rudin, though he might have doubted whether the neighbouring Nigeria harmonised with the same dark shades he often has to use in painting the Cameroons. Germany's own chosen and sole standard was that of commercial exploitation, for which the writer exalts her over her hypocritical colleagues in empire until the reader begins to wonder whether in this sphere hypocrisy is the worst of qualities.

Even by her own standard Germany failed; 1914 saw the Cameroons with a very adverse trade-balance; her two main concessionaire companies a failure; with increasingly heavy grants-in-aid and only 1,600 Germans in the territory. What of other standards? She never fully "pacified" her natives. "After 1884 there was scarcely a year without open hostilities in some part of the country." Yet repressions were severe and the popula-

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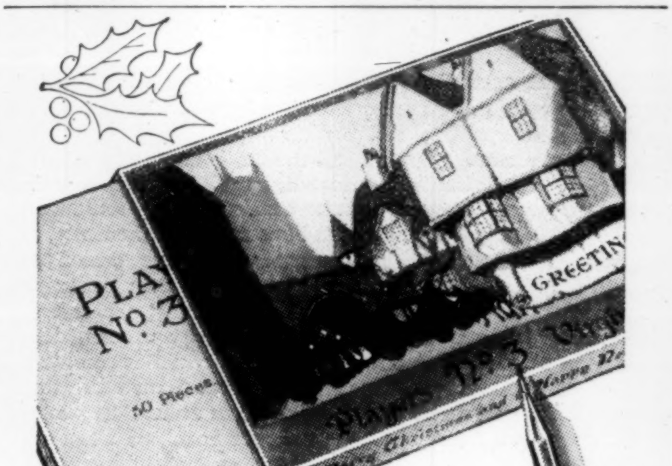

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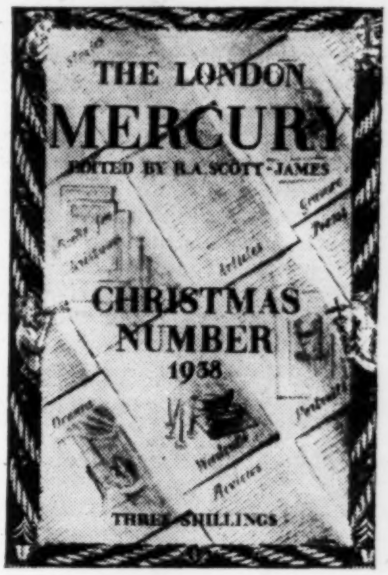

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tion only 2½ millions. In 1914 the most important and civilised tribe was on the verge of rebellion, and upon the outbreak of war the Germans, " believing in prevention as well as in punishing what was regarded as high treason," hanged their enlightened paramount chief, Manga Bell. Towards slavery the Germans were, to say the least, indulgent; and the ardent, tireless British efforts may be contrasted with Bismarck's marginal note on the subject—" Noli tangere." Again, it was strange that any civilised Power could have allowed the brutal von Puttkamer to survive as Governor for twelve years; or could have tolerated as acting Governor one Leist, who made the wives of his soldiers dance naked at dinner before distributing them to his guests, and who shortly afterwards flogged them in the presence of their husbands for refusing forced labour.

These, admittedly, are some of the darker items. Readers must turn to such vital issues as land and labour to consider more fully the evidence of Mr. Rudin's defence. One thing must be admitted. From 1907 onwards Dernburg introduced a policy of reform. This was almost entirely due to the long campaign of the Opposition in the Reichstag, which used colonial abuses as a weapon against the Government with surprising strength and success. Whatever conclusion the reader draws about German rule, he must ask how Africans would fare to-day without parliament or publicity in Germany, and with a ruling class certainly—to put it with restraint—not more humane than that of the pre-war period. If, however, Mr. Rudin, the controversialist, provokes us to ask these questions, towards Mr. Rudin, the historian, we owe a debt for a most conscientious and important work.

MARGERY PERHAM

THE THRESHOLD OF THE REFORMATION

Pre-Reformation England. By H. MAYNARD SMITH. *Macmillan.* 25s.

It is not, perhaps, unnatural that Churchmen of one sort or another, High Church or Low Church, Protestant or Catholic, should be irresistibly drawn to the grand, but apparently inexhaustible, subject of the Reformation. When one thinks of the cartloads of books written by Canon This or Pére That, I hope it is not ungrateful to say—for this is a good book, an excellent book—that what one really wants is that the subject should not be dealt with by Churchmen at all. What is required is that it should be treated by the wholly emancipated, by those who are freed from any childish, outgrown ecclesiastical bias either on one side or the other. Canon Maynard Smith's book has a faint, agreeable High Church flavour, which is anyway pleasanter than a Low Church bias; for Protestantism, for some odd reason, is apt to be vulgar. That premised, we may welcome the Canon's book for what it is: a learned, scholarly survey of conditions in England upon the eve of the Reformation.

It is based upon a very wide reading of literary sources; the Canon is candid in allowing that his is not a work of research among manuscripts, nor is that necessary to his purpose. There is plenty of material in print, all too much, for such a survey as this; and one must agree that it achieves a great measure of success. The Canon is nothing if not Catholic in his sympathies; he is very understanding of human frailties, and that lends freshness to his pages. He has a pleasant humour, if a trifle clerical; but then I (like Mr. Betjeman) enjoy clerical humour. The book is fluently, easily, readably written, if at times it is a bit prosy; it goes on a bit too long about the English mystics, who towards the end were rather a dreary lot. The Canon could be pruned with advantage, altered a little here and there. Not infrequently a hortatory note creeps in, and one realises that the sermon style has strayed into the history book. Perhaps, too, he permits himself too many comments *à la Church Times* which would be the better for cutting out, takes seriously (as on p. 91) the contentions of ecclesiastical journals with no claim to scholarship—a tendency which sometimes leads to a polemical, rather than an historical, judgment.

But all told, the book is, I repeat, a success. From the Canon's stores of reading one comes upon all sorts of information not so easy to come by. About anchoresses, for instance; I had no idea that such a comfortable life was possible for these ladies in their room with one window looking into the church, and another into the street. What unlimited opportunities for gossip—opportunities which, to judge from the rules that had to be issued, were not seldom taken. One can see them, like so many *Tantes Eulalies*, looking out from their bedroom window upon the world and missing not much that passed by. There is excellent treatment of all kinds of subjects: the state of the Church, the morals of the clergy, upon which the Canon is very human and broad-minded. The Victorian approach to these questions was surely very silly, and throws more light on its own odd character than it does on more primitive, medieval society. What is one to expect? Why should not the priest enjoy himself? Medieval society in general had not the post-Puritan hatred of enjoyment, the *schaden-freude*. Perhaps that is what people mean by the myth of Merrie England.

Wyclif is dealt with faithfully according to his deserts: a complete *bourgeois*, individualism, belief in *laissez-faire* and all. No wonder he was the morning-star of the Reformation to subsequent generations of Nonconformity and Liberal capitalism. The Canon has a nice quality of scepticism here, which comes in very useful. He holds our interest too in such persons as Bishop Pecock, only too appropriately named; for he was an arrogant rationalist and far too intelligent for people: he came to a sad end. And *what* an interesting thinker Ockham was !—how right, and how contemporary; one might be listening to Lord Russell almost, or to Mr. Ayer. The Canon makes the interesting, and to me new, point that by the beginning of the sixteenth century interest in metaphysics was exhausted; " for a variety of reasons it was only the simple and immediate facts of experience which interested men."

In a few places, the Canon's scholarship is not quite up to date: as regards Malory, for example, or the Cabots; and he would have found Savine's study on the economic aspects of the Dissolution very valuable. It is indeed indispensable. Nor is he anything like so sympathetic as in general, to Skelton, that scapegrace of genius. Perhaps it is the Canon's sense of what is due to the cloth which makes him go prim on Skelton; it is a pity, but hardly serious. Take it all in all, this book gives us the soundest, most reliable and balanced picture that I know of conditions in England on the eve of the Reformation. The Canon must certainly be encouraged to go on.

A. L. ROWSE

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHS

American Photographs. By WALKER EVANS. With an Essay by LINCOLN KIRSTEIN. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

In theory the camera eye has always been realistic; painters corrected their vision of racehorses or ballet girls by what they had seen in photographs; to the same source they owed a new perspective, accidental grouping and the enlargement of still life. The photographer learnt less in return, or rather he learnt only one thing—the very thing he ought to have eschewed—sentiment. We are so accustomed now, through films and advertisements, to the sentimental photograph that its incongruity has ceased to appal. Yet what could be more excruciating than a sloppy lyricism coldly conveyed? For despite everything, the camera remains impartial even when faced with a pretty woman, dogs and sprays of plum-blossom; it is still an outsider starkly recording the pretensions of the photographer. Imagine Stendhal's prose applied to the subject matter of *Hiawatha* ! The average art photograph is hardly less ridiculous. On the rare occasions when we come across a photographer who is not out to foster illusions, his work is apt to appear shocking.

Mr. Walker Evans' photographs give a remarkable picture of American life, of the real America for which the films have substituted a few scenes of svelt elegance. He ignores the skyscrapers, the broadways, lights and palm beaches; he ignores even the industrial centres which pump wealth into them. His quarry is the wreck of industrialism as it silts up in slums, in crazy shacks and gas stations strewn across the country. Here is a country view, bare fields with a tree or two; in the foreground, a hundred rusty cars lie huddled in the sunshine. The interior of " Miner's Cottage, West Virginia " contains only one twisted cane chair, but on the wall there is pinned a large advertisement of Coca-cola, in which a Friar Tuck holds out a bottle and beams brightly. If Mr. Evans' purpose in showing us these scenes had been merely to point a moral or exploit a genre, we should very soon cease to look at his photographs. But each scene fascinates in itself. His method is bleak: he has no camera-angles or tricks of lighting; his aim is to convey as literally as possible the detail in front of him. What he decides to photograph is, apparently, the result of years of search, and his barber's shop, street idlers or old negros' head have the finality of fastidious choice. They are a triumph of selective realism.

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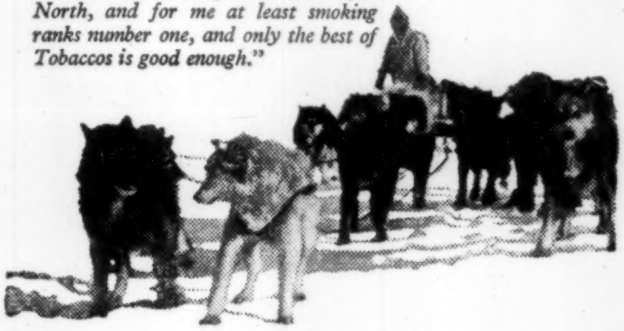

The writer of this letter is stationed 400 miles within the Arctic Circle . . . cut off on occasion for two years from intercourse with the outer world. It is no idle phrase when they say Barneys is a *man's* Tobacco, *oft-times his friend.*

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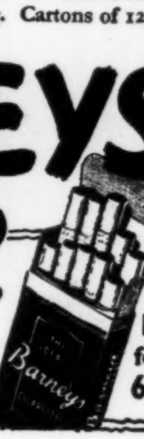

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Mother Scent
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Charles Pipe
Doc Jum
Mrs Chad
Uncle

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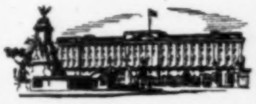

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FREE SAMPLES Write for free samples mentioning "New Statesman" to T. B. Ford Ltd., Loudwater, High Wycombe, Bucks.

From this realism he finds an occasional escape in the still life. One of the most impressive photographs in his book is the corner of a film poster showing the heads of two lovers. A common danger, apparently, has made them draw together, they stare with bulging eyes into the distance; and an enigmatic horror and irony is added to their situation by the gashes in the poster: half of the girl's forehead has been torn away. Mr. Evans gets a similar but less lurid effect from a tattered advertisement of negroes dancing. These fragments of street poetry impress on us with a curious intensity the tragedies of flesh and blood we have been looking at on other pages.

The first half of *American Photographs* is called "People," the second half is devoted to buildings. In both Mr. Evans reveals the horrors of a gimcrack civilisation redeemed only by the native toughness and simplicity of those who have to live through it. As a document of America and as an uncompromising work of art, *American Photographs* is unique: for once, I think, that ill-used word applies.

G. W. STONIER

CHRISTMAS CARDS

This year pale colours are fashionable—a pity in one way, because bright reds and yellows and greens are more effective, when the cards are stood to attention on the mantelpiece. The Victoria and Albert and the British Museum again provide cards so well chosen that they could safely be bought by the blind—the V. & A. give us a Catalan Tile, for instance, a panel of French Renaissance stained glass, a coloured mezzotint of tulips and a Peter de Wint, the B. M., Bonington, David Cox, Girtin, Blake, Persian and Gothic illuminated manuscripts, and a delicious aquatint by Adam Bush of Skating Lovers. The Medici Society also give very pretty reproductions of old pictures, sporting prints and, a good notion, antique maps. Their choice among contemporary artists remains rather Royal Academic, but Miss Peggy Wickham avoids the genteel and is gay. Peter Scott, Claire Leighton and John Skeaping are also represented. Messrs. Ward, of 3 Baker Street, have something for every taste: Betty Swanwick, Jean Robertson, Jill Buchanan, and Phyllis Dimond provide unusually elegant designs, but the photo-montage cards by J. C. Peterson are the cleverest novelties of the year. Messrs. Ward produce also a good series of photographic cards including ballet-scenes. Mr. Anthony Panting's photographs (5 Paddington Street) are skilful and varied—a child with a doll and a garden-statue make specially attractive cards. Messrs. Hopper have aimed chiefly at refinement, representing sea-horses, elephants, snow-bound sheep, horses, flying swans and ski-ing. We are glad they keep up the snow tradition in Christmas cards. The Favil Press have some fanciful London Park scenes well designed by Ursula Bernstingl, and some comic scenes of the Ark and the Garden of Eden by Dodo Adler. The London views by Jill Buchanan are also charming. *Country Life* have a calendar, Beautiful Britain, with a good coloured cover and excellent bucolic photographs; also Flowers in Colours for those who like coloured photographs. H. C. Forrester (9 Leinster Gardens) also produces a photographic calendar of birds and beasts and flowers. Finally, the National Trust Calendar shows the beautiful places preserved to us by this invaluable institution.

The Country Kitchen. By DELLA LUTES. *Bell.* 6*s.*

This is not a cooking book but reminiscences of childhood, interspersed with recipes. So often our early memories are connected with what we ate—Proust found his key to the past in a *madeleine* dipped in coffee—that it is surprising more authors have not tried this approach to childhood. Miss Della Lutes recalls with unusual clarity and charm a South Michigan farmhouse in the 'seventies. Living was genial, puritanical, comfortable though poor. "We were all more or less poor together," she writes, "compared, that is, to the luxury in which many people to-day live, and still proclaim their poverty. But nobody, so far as I can recall, ever starved or froze or even felt the pinch of dire necessity. We were cold, we ate a lot of cabbage, potatoes, salt pork and beans, but we didn't *know* we were so badly off." The seasons revolved, now and then her father would scrape enough money to buy a cow, there would be weddings, donation parties for the minister (whose scanty larder would then be stocked by gifts from the village), excursions to the County Fair, Sunday school picnics. The people themselves are amusingly described. When they collected it was to enjoy a meal; and the dishes form an important part of the book. Johnny cake, apple dowdy, salt-risin' bread, switchel (a beverage of vinegar, molasses and ginger) and cinnamon rolls, are a few on which they prided themselves. Breakfasts were generous, Christmas brought a stuffed goose, which was first scrubbed with soap and baking soda. An index will enable those who want the recipes to find them quickly.

"London Mercury," Christmas Number. Edited by R. A. SCOTT-JAMES. 3*s.*

This double number—which by the way hasn't the jollified Christmas look of having been written last August—is exceptionally good: five poems by Yeats, stories by V. S. Pritchett and Elizabeth Bowen, an article on *The Ivory Tower* by E. M. Forster. The last is an admirable reply to current clichés about "escapism." Mr. Forster argues that man has a dual nature, that his herd instinct is balanced by a desire for solitude, and so long as that is so the literature of escape will persist. The introvert writer will always retire into his ivory tower: that *is* his reality, his experience of life, and to condemn it is to dismiss one half of literature. "Marcel Proust," he writes, "is said to have 'escaped from life' when he shut himself up all day in a cork-lined room and would not let the sunshine in—sunshine being held, for some mystic reason, to be less unreal than cork: Racine to have escaped when he withdrew from the French Court to Port Royal and wrote plays for schoolgirls, one of them being *Athalie*." The only kind of escapism, he concludes, which is bad in itself is that dictated by fear, and it is bad because it is likely to be unproductive. This article follows up Mr. Forster's "Credo" in the September number of the *Mercury*, and though he still enjoys exaggerating a tapir-like defencelessness in the modern jungle, his tone about literature is less apologetic and despairing than it was about liberalism (one's only criticism of the earlier article). The Christmas *Mercury* contains, by the way, an unusually good collection of other articles and stories, twice the number of book reviews and an agreeable new cover.

Theatre in Action. By GEOFFREY WHITWORTH. *Studio.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth, Director of the British Drama League, has collected a most attractive series of photographs from which we can learn much of European and American productions during the last five years. These pictures show the living stage, decor brought into action by the actors and their gestures, and the impression is totally different from the static effect of the design by itself. The sculptural quality of a set by the American Norman Bel Geddes, for instance, is impressive even in a small scale model, but, though it loses some grandeur when seen as a background to living people, it gains by being moved away from the abstract. The actors are stimulated by the set and the set, unobtrusively, reigns over the production. Thus, giving photographs of productions rather than settings alone, Mr. Whitworth conveys a fair idea of the theatre of to-day. The book is more than a picture book; it tempts to closer study anybody interested in the theatre or in the important part played by art in reflecting cultural and political tendencies. Many of these productions are alarmingly alike on the surface, whether their origin is Moscow, Paris or New York. Everywhere there is the trend back to realism; though if we look carefully at different productions of the same play we can see essential dissimilarities. Perhaps this uniformity is exaggerated by the choice of photographs. One would like to have seen more of the individual achievements, for example, of Bérard, Cocteau, Bel Geddes or Mordecai-Gorelik; and there should at least have been some sign of life from the little theatres.

Week-end Competitions

No. 457

Set by Geoffrey Parsons

We offer the usual prizes for the best set of couplets for inclusion as mottoes in Christmas crackers to be pulled by any three of the following:—Count Ciano, Mr. Ogilvie, James Agate, Bonnet, Lord Nuffield, Madame Tabouis, Auden and Isherwood, Trotsky, Shirley Temple, Vernon Bartlett, Streicher and Sir Thomas Beecham.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Dec. 16th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 455

Set by G. W. Stonier

The lunch-time editions of evening papers have a technique of their own. "Hitler Moves" or "King Assassinated" appears on the placard, and we buy a paper to find that these headlines refer to old history and that *Mein Kampf* is being serialised or Mr. Churchill is writing cameos of English history. The usual prizes are offered for the six most startling placards which this method of journalism could produce.

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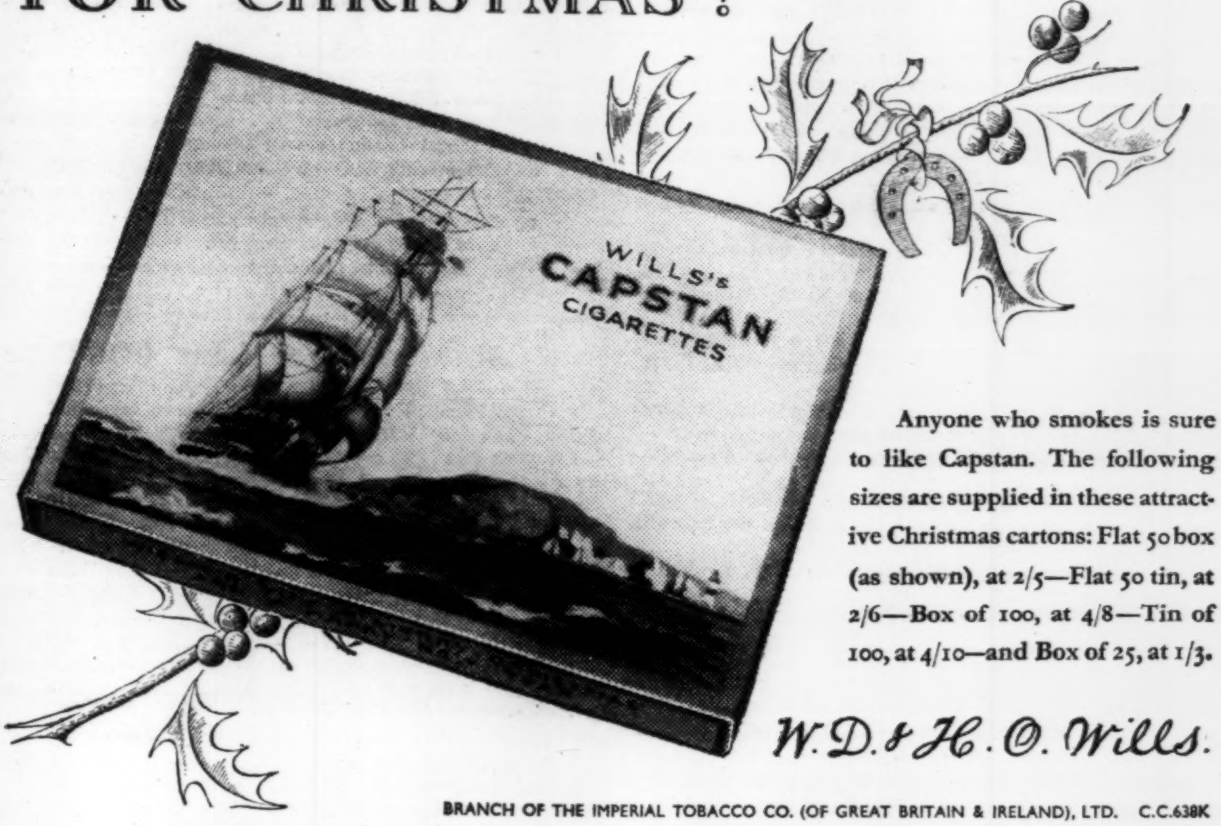
FOR CHRISTMAS!



Anyone who smokes is sure to like Capstan. The following sizes are supplied in these attractive Christmas cartons: Flat 50 box (as shown), at 2/5—Flat 50 tin, at 2/6—Box of 100, at 4/8—Tin of 100, at 4/10—and Box of 25, at 1/3.

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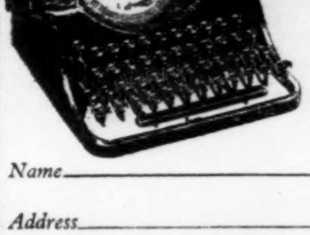

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Report by G. W. Stonier

To anyone who had never seen a newspaper placard in his life—to the average Frenchman, let us say, landing for the first time at Dover—the entries to this competition would seem almost equally startling. He would be horrified to find a world tumbling about his ears. Again and again, war is declared, Moscow burns, the Archbishop lies murdered in the Cathedral, orgies are discovered at the Vatican, queens prove unfaithful, dictators fall to the assassin. Add an earthquake or two, pogroms, invasions from all quarters, and there is enough to startle.

Some of these placards, appearing at a tense moment, would no doubt induce us to spend our pennies. But the fact that so many competitors sent in variants of the above list shows that we should probably be on our guard against this particular set of sensations. The real startler comes out of the blue, and knocks us silly. I think that the following posters are all lunch-time winners (the context to which they refer is given afterwards in brackets):

New Pope a Woman (article on " Pope Joan " in Famous Women series).—Jacques.

Duke Lands—King Will Fight (refers to extract from Sir George Trevelyan's *History of the Conquest*).—Jacques.

Royal Tragedy at Westminster (notice of latest production of *Richard III* at Westminster Theatre).—Miss G. A. Will.

The Crucial Test for England (account of the final Test Match, England having won two matches and Australia two).—Miss G. A. Will.

Government Recaptures Bridgwater (Romances of History: Monmouth's rebellion).—B. Fitzgerald Moore.

Whole Continent Submerged (being the legend of Atlantis).—John Usborne.

The Queen Brutally Assaulted (from serial version of Miss Neagle's latest Queen Victoria film—the Queen being struck in the face with a stick by an officer).—Damon.

Suez Canal Changes Hands (" British Prime Ministers: Disraeli ").—R. D. Cribb.

Shaw Joins the Air Force (review of T. E. Lawrence's Letters).—Towanbucket.

Tragedy in the House of Commons: Prime Minister Shot in the Lobby (" Lives of the Prime Ministers: Spencer Percival ").—W. Bliss.

National Debt to be Paid Off (1730).—R. S. Jeffrey.

From these one could pick out six that are better than any individual entry. Before coming to the winners, here is an amusing catch headline of a slightly different kind, with which we are also familiar:

America Declares War (America declares war on small traders who cheat by using false scales and measures).—L. Marshall Jones.

Many competitors succeeded with one or two of their placards; it was not so easy, apparently, to provide six. The best could be divided into two groups: those that were historically ingenious, and those which were funny in themselves. After shuffling and reshuffling the last half-dozen entries, between which there was not very much to choose, I recommend that the prizes be divided equally among four: E. H. Bedwell (his number five is so good that it makes up for a monotony of Royalty), John Mair, G. Green and D. M. Low.

I

1. ENGLAND'S PRINCESS DANCES AS VENUS.
2. THE KING CERTIFIED MAD.
3. THE QUEEN'S NAME CLEARED.
4. THE QUEEN BARRED.
5. LONDONERS PULL DICTATOR'S MOUSTACHE.
6. ENGLISH STATESMAN'S CORPSE CHEERED.

* * *

1. Roger Fulford's *George the Fourth*, page 195. 2. Ditto, page 117. 3. Ditto, page 213. 4. Ditto, page 232. 5. Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, Phoenix Ed., p. 150. 6. G. M. Trevelyan's *British History in XIXth Century*, p. 195.

E. H. BEDWELL

II

1. ITALIANS LAND IN PALESTINE: HEAVY FIGHTING.
2. CHAMBERLAIN TAKES GERMAN CITIZENSHIP.
3. STALIN WELCOMES TROTSKI—PICTURES.
4. REDS SEIZE PARIS: GERMANY INTERVENES.
5. CONSCRIPTION—*Official*.
6. BRITISH COLONY FOR GERMANY.

* * *

1. Serialisation of Josephus. 2. Houston Chamberlain. 3. In 1921. 4. Paris Commune. 5. In 1916. 6. Cession of Heligoland.

JOHN MAIR

III

1. HAIRCUT RUINS HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION.
2. PRIME MINISTER'S STATEMENT.
3. QUEEN'S BEAUTY SECRET.
4. JEWISH BABIES MASSACRED.
5. DICTATOR ASSASSINATED.
6. LUXURY LINER LOST.

* * *

1. Referring to Samson's misfortune, retold in a " Women of the Bible " series). 2. What Gladstone said in—whenever it was. 3. Reference to the statement that Mary Queen of Scots was reputed to bath in wine. 4. A special Christmas article bringing up the Herod affair. 5. Dr. Dryasdust reminds readers of the *Daily Splosh* of Julius Caesar's spot of bother in the Forum and suggests that " thus perish all tyrants." 6. Reference to the " Titanic " disaster.

G. GREEN

IV

1. QUEEN ASSAULTED.
2. THE DUKE IN SPAIN.
3. ROME SEIZES BRITISH FORT.
4. VAST MOSCOW FIRES.
5. EMINENT CLERIC, GRAVE CHARGE.
6. PARLIAMENT QUITS WESTMINSTER.

* * *

1. Boadicea. 2. Wellington's campaign. 3. Caesar's invasion of Britain. 4. 1812 campaign. 5. Trial of Dr. Sacheverell. 6. Commons at Oxford in Charles II's reign.

D. M. LOW

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

A problem for the Lower Fifth this week

PROBLEM 310.—WHEN THE RUBBER WAS OVER

Extract from Mary's letter:

Everyone here is so *clever*. When the rubber was over Charles took up a lot of the cards and, shuffling them, said: " It's exactly an even chance that if you draw two of these cards at random both of them are red." Clara then took up some cards and said: " The same is true of my cards." Connie said: " I can go one better." She sorted some cards out. " It's an even chance," she said, " that if you draw *four* of my cards, all four of them are red." Then they handed me the rest of the cards and Charles said: " And now, Mary, you know exactly how many red cards *you've* got." I looked completely flummoxed, and everybody laughed; but do you think I could really be expected to know?

How many red cards had Mary got?

PROBLEM 309.—FORM FOURS

I was afraid that this problem might raise questions of interpretation. Some readers, who know too much, point out that any number can be expressed in terms of " four fours " with the aid of logarithmic signs or scales other than the denary.

For the guidance of competitors, therefore, the phrase " appropriate arithmetical symbols " means: brackets; decimals; addition, subtraction, multiplication and division signs; the square root sign; indices; factorials. Only the denary scale is permissible.

The recurring decimal sign may only be used in the customary manner.

PROBLEM 308.—THE GREAT PAT-BALL CONTROVERSY

Solution by David Dempster

Dr. Fahrenheit's plan is fairest.

A golfer would say that " the game is 3 points up " means the game is won when one player has scored 3 points more than his opponent. In this case the player who starts with his back to the window has 0.41 chance of winning if they change ends after 3 points, and only 0.3 chance of winning if they change ends after 2 points. None of the systems mentioned gives a fair match, so it may be assumed that " the game is 3 points up " means that the match is won when one player has scored 3 points. . This assumption simplifies the work considerably.

Call A the player who starts with his back to the window.

If they change ends after 2 points are scored A's chance of winning is $\frac{35}{81}$ and his chance of losing is $\frac{46}{81}$

If they change ends after 3 points are scored A's chance of winning is $\frac{46}{81}$ and his chance of losing is $\frac{35}{81}$

Under Dr. Fahrenheit's system, A's chance of winning is $\frac{1}{2}\cdot\frac{35+46}{81}=\frac{1}{2}$ and so *Fahrenheit's system is perfectly fair and no other system could be fairer.*

As a matter of interest, Knotwhat's system gives A a chance of winning $=\frac{1\cdot 35}{3\;\;81}+\frac{2\cdot 46}{3\;\;81}=\frac{127}{243}=0.52\;.\;.$

and " my own " system gives A a chance of winning $=\frac{121}{243}=0.498$.

PROBLEM 307.—FIVE YEARS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: A. G. Allender, 17 Marsham Court Road, Solihull, Birmingham.

Eight points are awarded.

CALIBAN

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

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An Outline of Economic Geography (Horrabin)	Cloth	3/6	3/9
	Hard Boards	2/6	2/8
An Outline of Finance (Woodburn)	Cloth	3/6	3/9
	Hard Boards	2/6	2/9
Economic Doctrines of Marx (Kautsky)		2/6	2/10
The Town Labourer (J. L. & B. Hammond)		2/-	2/3
The Builders' History (Postgate)		2/-	2/6
Life and Teaching of Karl Marx (Max Beer)		2/-	2/3
"Plebs" Atlas (Horrabin)		1/6	1/9
An Outline History of Unemployment (Colyer)		1/-	1/2
Why War? (Wilkinson & Conze)		1/-	1/2
An Introduction to Dialectical Materialism (Conze)		1/-	1/2
Thomas More and his Utopia (Kautsky)	Cloth	2/6	2/9
	Paper	1/-	1/3
How Empires Grow (Horrabin)		1/-	1/2
Socialism's New Start ("Miles")		1/-	1/2
A Short History of the British Empire (Horrabin)	Paper	1/-	1/1
	Hard Boards	2/-	2/2
Industrial Revolution in South Wales (Edwards)		1/-	1/2

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WEEK-END CROSSWORD 457

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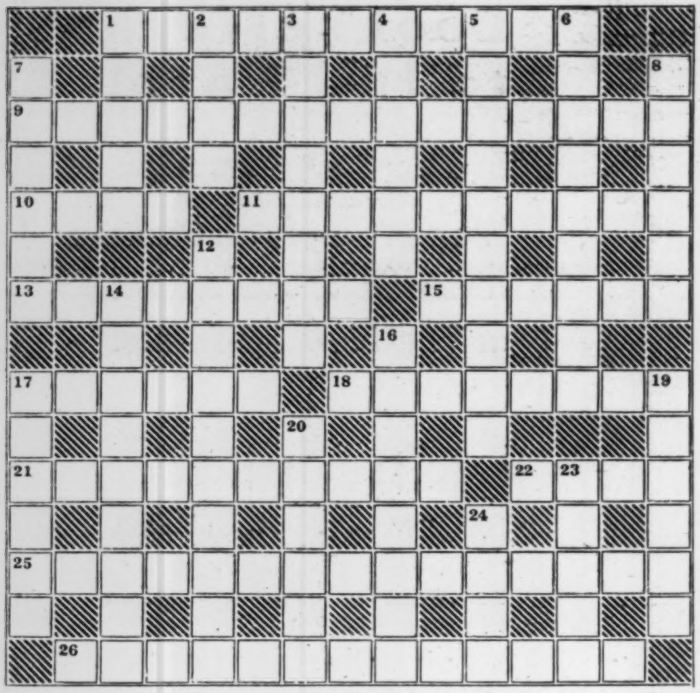

Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
F. A. Jennens, 128 Durham Road, Sunderland.

ACROSS.

1. One of Neptune's cavalrymen. (11)
9. No doubt has a bossing tone. (15)
10. They are often cross in hospital. (4)
11. They were both young and old. (10)
13. Toil through the pass. (8)
15. Always cuts things a bit fine. (6)
17. An out of the way word. (6)
18. They should be noteworthy artists. (8)
21. Reverse of the Last Day? (10)
22. Small skylight. (4)
25. The Glebe? (15)
26. 50 donkeys and 50 small advertisements. (13)

DOWN

1. Have a shy at this. (5)
2. Genuine money of course. (4)
3. Puts into bond. (8)
4. The speed of George William Russell? (6)
5. Kipling wrote many. (10)
6. Vice needs to be reformed. (9)
7. Desire for a down draught. (6)
8. His job is cutting out. (6)
12. Divisions — in International Politics. (10)
14. Dog country. (9)
16. In this puzzle, Players please. (8)
17. Formerly used to cuff people. (6)
19. Young men who shoot. (6)
20. The missing link. (6)
23. Successfully attempted to make three points. (5)
24. He almost always leaves something. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

O	R	A	N	G	E	▨	▨	▨	Y	E	L	L	O	W
P	▨	B	▨	A	▨	S	▨	B	▨	G	▨	L	▨	O
E	A	S	E	L	▨	T	H	E	C	O	L	O	U	R
N	▨	C	▨	E	▨	R	▨	R	▨	▨	▨	R	▨	S
▨	R	O	A	N	▨	A	R	T	▨	E	A	G	L	E
E	▨	N	▨	▨	▨	I	▨	H	▨	N	▨	O	▨	▨
R	E	D	W	H	I	T	E	A	N	D	B	L	U	E
O	▨	▨	▨	O	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	E	▨	▨	▨	A
C	O	L	O	U	R	B	L	I	N	D	N	E	S	S
▨	▨	A	▨	S	▨	U	▨	S	▨	▨	▨	N	▨	T
M	E	R	L	E	▨	S	E	A	▨	D	U	S	K	▨
A	▨	W	▨	▨	▨	K	▨	B	▨	E	▨	T	▨	O
S	N	O	W	W	H	I	T	E	▨	G	R	E	E	N
A	▨	O	▨	A	▨	N	▨	L	▨	R	▨	E	▨	C
I	N	D	I	G	O	▨	▨	▨	P	U	R	P	L	E

THINK of the thousands of poor mothers who will be unable to provide Christmas dinners for their husbands and little ones. Think of the poor children who will long in vain for Santa Claus, for something to tell them that it really is Christmas for them, too. Thousands of families will have an unhappy, joyless time—unless **you** will share your happiness with them.

PLEASE ACT quickly and help us to make Christmas a reality in as many poor homes as you can. Your gift of £5 would provide parcels for ten poor families. Please send now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

IN MAKING UP YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST DON'T FORGET TO SEND—

5/-

TO OUR CHRISTMAS FUND

Your gift will be gratefully acknowledged and be devoted to providing Christmas cheer for the patients who will spend their Christmas in North London's Largest General Hospital. Please send your gift to Secretary.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL
HOLLOWAY, N.7.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—**HIS MAJESTY THE KING.**
President—**THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.**
Chairman of the Executive Committee—
SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, Bt., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Honorary Treasurer—**SIR HOLBURT WARING, Bt., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.**

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for Research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. Our previous accommodation has become too limited and we **have recently built new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Legacies, Subscriptions, and Donations are earnestly solicited, and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Sir Holburt Waring, Bt., c/o Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

"He gives twice who gives quickly"

ROYAL CANCER HOSPITAL

The Royal Cancer Hospital is supported entirely by voluntary gifts, receiving no grants from any Government or Municipal service. No payments are asked from patients. No recommendation-letters are necessary. The only passports are that the applicant is afflicted by Cancer or Tumour, and is unable to pay. There are, inevitably, some for whom no hope of cure exists, and for such a number of beds are appropriated.

The cure of Cancer is a problem always with us; but this hospital, with its wonderful up-to-date equipment, is tackling it with signal success. From its recent experiences in administering X-ray treatment by low-voltage apparatus and Radium treatment, it can truthfully say that Cancer, if on the surface, can be cured, provided it be taken in time. With internal Cancer the matter is complicated by the impossibility of direct access.

It can readily be understood that the treatment of patients in this hospital involves exceptional expenditure; and not only do they require unusually costly treatment, but their general condition requires special diet. In addition to the care of patients, a Research Institute is carried on by a highly trained scientific staff. This adds seriously to the annual expense, but it is work of such world-wide importance that its hampering for want of funds would be a universal disaster. Donations should be sent to the Earl of Granard, at the Hospital, Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

THE ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

Some idea of the growth of this hospital in recent years may be gained from the fact that in 1913 the number of in-patients was 2,330, compared with the present figure of 7,965, which is nearly four times as great. Similarly, in the out-patients' department the number of attendances has grown from 87,000 to 375,990, i.e., by four times. The demand for the services of the hospital grows heavier year by year, and not only must old buildings be replaced or rebuilt as they become out of date but new structures must be provided to cope with the ever-swelling stream of patients, and new facilities for modern methods of treatment made available. The Royal Northern Group of Hospitals appeals for £350,000 for these purposes, and of this sum £176,000, or more than half, has already been donated. Here, then, is an opportunity of subscribing to a charity where one's contribution is, in effect, doubled owing to the generosity of previous benefactors. The cost of upkeep has more than kept pace with the growth of the Hospitals' service and capacity, and generous assistance is needed more than ever before in the history of this great institution. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer of the Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

The objects of this fund are to set up and maintain laboratories devoted to Cancer Research, to encourage and to aid such research throughout the Empire and in all approved hospitals and institutions, and to assist investigation generally. As the Fund and its work is directed by the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, contributors may be assured that gifts sent to swell this Fund will be utilised as efficiently and productively as possible. Established in 1902, the Fund had by 1912 made it clear by researches which are now the foundation of present knowledge that Cancer can be investigated by experimental methods.

However, methods of treatment change day by day, and not only were the Central Laboratories designed for researches which are now out of date, but the present farm laboratories at Mill Hill, which were originally only a temporary structure, have been found to be ill-adapted to modern research. A new group of laboratories which will bring the staff together and provide opportunities for the study of all branches of modern Cancer research is now being built, but unfortunately income from investments, etc., will not cover the yearly cost and the Fund must rely on private generosity to a certain extent. Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir Hulbert Waring, Bart., c/o Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

WILL YOU LIGHT A CANDLE?

'All ye who Christians be,
Oh, light my tiny candle here for me.
It has gone out; I am not very old.
And as I travelled in the cold
A bitter wind with all his might
Blew, and put out my little light.

'All ye who Christians be,
Will ye not list to me,
Who have so often prayed
I might not be afraid?
I am a little frightened—can't you see?
Oh, light my little candle here for me.'

EDNA NORMAN (by permission)

The bitter winds of adversity have left many children in the darkness and cold. Nearly 4,000 of them are safe in the shelter of the 29 branches of the National Children's Home. Every day brings further pathetic appeals; will you help us to respond to them?

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT OF FIVE GUINEAS

covers the admission costs of one child. Please light a candle of hope for some little one in sore distress. A photograph and particulars of the child assigned to you will be forwarded as soon as possible. Smaller gifts are also helpful; do send what you can. And will you send it now?

I enclose my Christmas Gift of £ : : to light a Christmas Candle in the National Children's Home.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

(N.S.) ____________________

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME

Chief Offices: HIGHBURY PARK, LONDON, N.5 [illegible]

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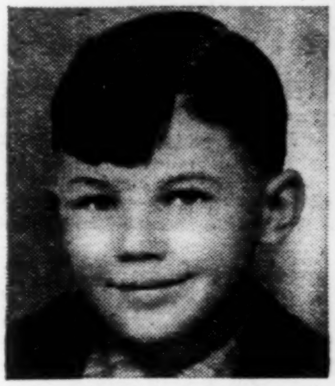

When looking at your own loved one, or at those of other families . . . DO YOU EVER THINK of that other child—for whose protection the N.S.P.C.C. came into existence 54 years ago?

Please help to prevent the ill-treatment of little ones by sending a gift now to William J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

N·S·P·C·C

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

DESPONDENT MARKETS—NEW ZEALAND EXCHANGE CONTROL
TRADE TREND—TOBACCOS

THE state of the stock markets is such that good news has little or no effect on prices, but bad news accentuates the downward slide. For example, the 50 per cent. free capital bonus declared by Carreras had only a slight effect upon the price of the shares, which to-day can be purchased at 8 5/16 ex-dividend but cum bonus to yield £6 7*s.* per cent. if the regular dividend of 35 per cent. is maintained on the increased capital, or £5 9*s.* per cent. if the dividend is reduced to 30 per cent. Yet no investor seems attracted by high dividend yields even if the shares are of the most sheltered type. Even the conservative Woolworth new shares (issued at 58*s.*) have now fallen to a discount of 1*s.* British Government Funds have been a weak market for no particular reason save vague political fears. New Zealand stocks had their own peculiar shock and Australian Government stocks weakened on the appearance of a 4 per cent. Conversion Loan—the first time for some years that a trustee security has been issued carrying a 4 per cent. rate of interest.

* * *

The decision of the Labour Government in New Zealand to impose exchange control is of exceptional interest in that Mr. Savage's Cabinet, faced in essence with the same problem as that which confronted the Front Populaire in France, has done what M. Blum failed—to his own loss—to do. Since their assumption of office in 1935, the Labour Government have steadily pursued an expansionist policy, exemplified by minimum wage and 40-hour week legislation, extension of social services and a bold programme of public works. The declared aim—to raise the standards of living and purchasing power—was achieved, at the cost of increasing the import strain on the Dominion's balance of payments. Between 1935 and 1937 imports rose (in N.Z. currency) from £36 millions to £56 millions, and are likely to be around £55 millions this year. Until 1938 the Government were batting on a good wicket, so far as the import-export equation is concerned. Though internal costs were rising, so were the export prices and the demand for the Dominion's two staple products—wool and butter. Between 1935 and 1937 the export price index (1930=100) advanced from 86 to 112, and the value of exports from £NZ 46.5 millions to £NZ 66.7 millions. In the three-year period there was an average annual export surplus of £NZ 11.1 millions, comfortably covering the £NZ 10 millions required for the service of sterling debt obligations. This balance has been upset by the fall in primary prices which began a year ago and, by last August, had carried the export price index down to under 104. Exports in 1938 will barely reach £NZ 60 millions, so that less than half the debt service will be covered. This shortage in a single year would not be a matter for serious concern, but an additional complication has been a persistent flight of capital engineered (as was the case in France) by bourgeois opponents of the administration. In consequence the net overseas assets of the Reserve Bank have fallen in the past fifteen months from £NZ 19 millions to £NZ 7,600,000, while those of the trading banks show a loss of 60 per cent. in two years. In these circumstances exchange control, accompanied by a system of import licences, was clearly essential in the interests both of the Government's policy and of the Dominion's sterling creditors. Since the Government's re-election last October, New Zealand bonds have been weak and falls this week have been appreciable.

		High, 1938.	Price, Nov. 30th.	Present Price.	Gross Yield, %. Flat.			Adj. Redemp.		
					£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*
3½%	1940	101⅞	99⅜	98⅛xd	3	11	3	5	13	9
								(Jan., 1940)		
4%	1943/63	101⅞	89	86	4	14	3	5	6	9
5%	1946	107⅞	101	97xd	5	3	0	5	11	9
								(Jan., 1946)		
4½%	1948/58	105½	94¾	92	4	19	0	5	8	3
3%	1952/55	90⅜	79	74xd	4	1	0	6	1	3

Investors should not be panicked out of these securities. If the control now imposed is firmly exercised, there is no reason to be unduly anxious as to the maintenance of the debt service.

* * *

What of the British background to investment? The November unemployment returns are non-committal. The increase of 47,000 in the workless total is larger than the 25,000 seasonal rise normal in November; but the unusually mild weather may have contributed to the lessened employment in the coal industry, and the textile industries show a slight but welcome improvement. I am inclined to think that rearmament is playing, directly and indirectly, a larger part than is sometimes supposed in supporting the whole business structure; but, whatever the factors at work, there is no evidence yet to warrant the conclusion that the pause in the downward movement has given way yet to renewed decline. The least satisfactory feature in the situation is the recent tendency of the commodity markets to react unfavourably to sabre-rattling in Berlin and Rome. Apart from the depression in wheat prices, cotton, copper, zinc, lead and rubber have all suffered sizeable falls in the past month. Until this trend is reversed the stock markets will lack lifting power.

* * *

An exchange which some investors are considering is from British American Tobacco ordinary stock into Tobacco Securities Trust ordinary stock. Whether British American Tobacco will maintain its 1937 dividend of 21¼ per cent. tax free is doubtful. Its trade in the East may have been affected adversely by the war in China and its Australian subsidiary—British Tobacco Company (Australia)—has omitted the special bonus of 3¾ per cent. it paid in respect of the year ending September, 1938. Tobacco Securities Trust is a finance and investment trust which may be described as a junior partner in many of the foreign businesses of British American Tobacco. It is believed to have large holdings in the Canadian and South African tobacco subsidiaries, but a much smaller interest in Australia. There is no indication that it is interested at all in China. The ordinary stock of Tobacco Securities Trust is at present receiving a dividend of 16 per cent., which seems likely to be maintained. This is how the exchange would emerge on dividend yields:

		Price.	Gross Yield %.
British American Tobacco	..	4⅞	£5 13s. on 20% net
Tobacco Securities Trust	..	61/3	*£5 19s. on 16%

* Equivalent gross after allowing for a reduced rate of tax.

If, however, British American Tobacco maintains its dividend of 21¼ per cent. net this year, there would be no immediate gain in the exchange, for the dividend yield would then be approximately 6 per cent. gross.

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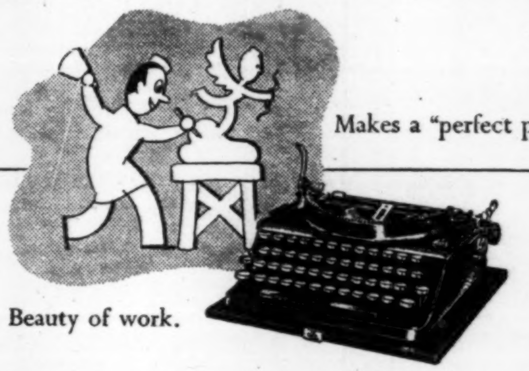

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All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

ADELPHI.	**Bobby Get Your Gun.**	Thurs., Sat.
AMBASSADORS.	**Spring Meeting.**	Wed., Fri.
COLISEUM.	**Varieties.**	Sats.
GLOBE.	**Robert's Wife.**	Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	**Fleet's Lit Up.**	Th. & Sat.
LYRIC.	**The Flashing Stream.**	Wed. & Thurs.
OLD VIC.	**The Rivals.**	Thur., Sat.
PALACE.	**Under Your Hat**	Wed., Sat.
QUEEN'S.	**Dear Octopus.**	Wed. & Sat.
ST. JAMES'.	**Gentleman Unknown.**	Wed., Sat.
S. MARTIN'S.	**When We are Married.**	Tu., Fr.
SAVOY.	**Lot's Wife.**	Mon., Sat.
SHAFT'BURY.	**Good-bye, Mr. Chips.**	W., S.
STRAND.	**Banana Ridge.**	Thurs. & Sat.
VAUDEVILLE.	**Goodness, How Sad!**	Tu., S.
WESTMINSTER.	**Dangerous Corner.**	W., S.
WYNDHAM'S.	**Quiet Wedding.**	Wed., Sat.

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Wed.,	Dec. 14th.	8.0.	FAUST, with Full Ballet.
Thurs.,	Dec. 15th.	8.30.	BALLET—CASSE-NOISETTE (entirety), HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET.
Fri.,	Dec. 16th.	8.0.	DON CARLOS.
Sat.,	Dec. 17th.	2.30.	THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.
Sat.,	Dec. 17th.	8.0.	MADAM BUTTERFLY.

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BOBBY GET YOUR GUN
GERTRUDE NIESEN. DIANA CHURCHILL.

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Mats., Wednesday & Friday, 2.30.
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HUGH WAKEFIELD in
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CHRISTMAS WEEK, DAILY, 2.30 and 8.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Tem. 5122.) Evgs., 8.30.
Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. No perfs. Dec. 19–24.
BASIL SYDNEY & MARGARETTA SCOTT in
TRAITOR'S GATE
". . . HOW THE PLAY HOLDS!"—*Times.*

GARRICK. 8.30 (ex. Mons.). Tues., Th., Sat., 2.30.
Extra performances, Dec. 26th, 2.30 and 8.30.
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GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
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ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

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HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
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ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER
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DEAR OCTOPUS. By DODIE SMITH.

ST. JAMES'. (Whi. 3903.) Evgs., 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
BARRY K. BARNES in
GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN
by A. A. MILNE.

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GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS
Extra Christmas Matinees, Dec. 26 & 27, at 2.30.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) Evgs., 8.30. Thurs. and Sat.
ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
BANANA RIDGE by Ben Travers.
Extra Christmas Matinee, Boxing Day, at 2.30.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Evgs., ex. Mons., 8.30.
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A PANTOMIME WITH POLITICAL POINT.
Doors open 8 p.m. Book now: 1/- to 3/6. Members only.
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by Robert Morley. (Extra Mats., Dec. 23 & 26, 2.30.)
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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 1028

APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

THE National Union of Students of the Universities and University Colleges of England and Wales invites applications for the post of an Assistant Secretary (male). Applicants must be university graduates, preferably not more than 25 years of age and with experience in Student Union administration. Commencing salary £200–£250 according to qualifications. Appointment subject to review in September, 1939. Applications giving names of three referees should be sent to the Secretary, National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1, not later than December 19th.

BELTANE SCHOOL, Wimbledon. Wanted, for next term, teacher for Junior School to take 8-year-old children. Experience essential.

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YOUNG AUSTRIAN COUPLE, homeless, want urgently share home kind people, London. Able pay little money. Box 3524.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 1028

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LIBERALISM AND CURRENT PROBLEMS. Lecture at 8.15 p.m., in the CAXTON HALL, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1 (Near St. James's Park Underground Station), on Thursday, December 15th. "CENTRAL EUROPE," by PROF. R. W. SETON-WATSON, F.R.Hist.S. Chairman: MRS. CORBETT ASHBY.

Reserved seats, 2*s.*: unreserved, 1*s.* Tickets and Syllabus on application to the Lecture Committee, Liberal Party Organisation, 42 Parliament Street, S.W.1 (Whitehall 8762), or tickets may be obtained at the Hall on the evening of the Lecture.

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, 13 Eccleston Street, S.W.1. Consultations, 1*s.*; Library books, 2*d.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* Open Mondays, 7–9 p.m. Visitors welcomed.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, December 11th at 11 a.m., MORITZ J. BONN, D.Sc.: "THE PROBLEMS OF APPEASEMENT." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

F.P.S.I. LORD HORDER on "HEALTH AND THE GOOD LIFE," Wednesday, December 14th, at 8 p.m., at the large Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Tickets: Members, 6*d.*; non-Members, 1*s.* From HON. SECRETARY, F.P.S.I., 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, December 11th, at 11 a.m., LORD SNELL: "THE SOUL OF MAN AND THE SOUL OF ENGLAND." 6.30 p.m., MRS. FLEMMING: "NATIONAL STRENGTH, JUSTICE, AND FREEDOM." Friends' and Members' Supper, 8 o'clock.

DR. MAUDE ROYDEN, C.H., will preach for THE GUILDHOUSE FELLOWSHIP at The Millicent Fawcett Hall, 46 Tufton St., S.W.1, at 6.30 p.m. on Sunday, December 11th. Subject: "THE STATE OF THE WORLD: IS GOD RESPONSIBLE?" Discussion afterwards.

CONFERENCE

F.P.S.I.
F.P.S.I. Education Conference at High Leigh, Hoddesdon.
"EDUCATION FOR WORLD CITIZENSHIP"
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SIR ERNEST SIMON: "The Liberal Ideal of Education."
A Symposium on the Teaching of Civics.
MICHAEL STEWART, M.A.: (1) "Aims and Methods in the Teaching of Civics."
J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE: (2) "Teaching Civics at Bembridge."
C. H. WILMOT: (3) "An Actual Course in Public Affairs."
PROF. J. D. BERNAL: "A Marxist View of Secondary and University Education."
W. B. CURRY: "Freedom and Self-Government in Schools."
JOHN KATZ: "The Education of the Will to Civilisation."
J. B. COATES: "Policy Proposals on Education for World Citizenship put forward by the Education Section of the F.P.S.I."

Inclusive Fees:
Fri. tea to Mon. breakfast:
Members, 28*s.*; non-Members, 32*s.*
Sat. tea to Mon. breakfast:
Members, 20*s.*; non-Members, 24*s.*

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